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# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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The INDEX to VOLUME LXXX. (January-June, 1911) of THE ACADEMY will be forwarded post-free for 3d. to any address on application to the Publisher, 93-94, Long Acre, W.C.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

LAST week we insisted that neither Mr. Churchill nor Mr. Lloyd George was entitled to the praise of having brought the railway strike to an end, although both should be commended for their belated efforts to repair the mischief for which they were primarily responsible. The Home Secretary is apparently incapable of learning wisdom by experience, which it is usually said conveys a message even to persons of limited intelligence. In another column we publish an interesting interview with a Justice of the Peace for Liverpool, graphically describing the arduous work and dangers which fall to the lot of these unpaid servants of the public. They do no talking, and therefore there is no suggestion of salaries ranging from £400 per annum. This may possibly be because they do something useful. In this country the paid judiciary numbers about three hundred; in Germany the same work is performed—no better—by nearly two thousand paid Judges and magistrates. It is a little hard that men who willingly give their time, and incur hardships and dangers, such as are depicted in the interview we print elsewhere, should be the sport of an ignorant occupant of the Home Office. This person, as we have said, learns nothing. So late as August 14th, he remitted half the penalty on a man who had very properly been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for being drunk and disorderly, the man having previously been convicted over three hundred

times. We lately referred to Mr. Neil Primrose as an incorrigible nincompoop, and we now have the pleasure of including the Home Secretary in the same category.

The agricultural labourer of Norfolk who rashly boasted last week that he would be pleased to "change jobs" with the local clergyman, and challenged the Rev. A. C. Mackie to this peaceful duel, found himself scared at the last moment, and withdrew as gracefully as may be. His challenge was unexpectedly accepted, although, as the layman naturally could not officiate in church, the day chosen was last Saturday. Mr. Mackie was perfectly willing to plough and sow and reap and mow "and be a farmer's boy," and in consideration of the fact that he had occasionally taken his share in the work of the field he generously agreed to give his friend two hours start. When, however, the belligerent tiller of the soil caught a glimpse of the duties awaiting him, his dreams of a cosy day in the Vicar's armchair with a pipe in his mouth and his feet on the table vanished incontinently; for among the items on Mr. Mackie's programme figured the translation of English into Greek, the preparation of two sermons, the choosing of Sunday's hymns, some house-to-house visiting, and the writing of an address to children. So he backed out, acknowledging, doubtless, that, however faulty the reverend gentleman's hoeing or reaping might prove to be, his own Greek would be faultier still; admitting, too, that there is considerable truth in the old maxim "Each man to his trade." And perhaps some of his confrères will now recognise that a man who works with his brain in apparent ease may tackle tasks just as important and difficult as those of the man who bears literally the burden and heat of the day. Both play their part, and both are necessary.

Fifty-five original letters of George Eliot, written by her to Mrs. Alma Stuart, have been presented to the British Museum by Mr. Roland Stuart; in the same volume are bound a few letters by G. H. Lewes written to George Eliot. The extracts given in the *Times* of Monday last are extremely interesting, and show a tenderness and a sympathy which are not always to be deduced from a perusal of her novels. There can be no "more substantial good," she writes, "than the certitude of having helped another to bear some heavy burthen—of having lessened pain and given the sweetness of fellowship in sorrow. That is just the one good which seems the more worth having the more our own life is encompassed with shadows." There is not much of the cynic or the stern outlook here, and the letters seem to prove that true character and the true attitude to life are more often betrayed in notes penned at odd times to intimate friends than in the more calculated words which are meant for the world at large.

It is stated that a clever mechanical genius of Berlin—anxious, doubtless, to improve the quality of the human race—has succeeded, after years of labour, in constructing an artificial man. This new species of the *genus homo* can walk and talk, sing and whistle, laugh and "make all movements." Whether it can carry on an intelligent conversation, throw unpleasant persons downstairs, answer the bell or play golf is not stated, but at any rate it is reputed to reply to questions and obey certain words of command, and, since it is a life-sized figure practically indistinguishable from flesh and blood a yard or two away, it may have its uses. If only the inventor will give us a man guaranteed not to go on strike we foresee for his factory a huge sheaf of urgent orders, and for himself a large fortune.

## REALITY

## I.

When we, the old wise Deities  
 Who rule by Life's Realities,  
 Whose fingers crush the Golden Keys  
 And bar the Ivory Gate,  
 Would claim a child from cradle-head,  
 To Truth's best, sternest service bred,  
 To win from lies the long-misled  
 And break the spells we hate,

## II.

Think you, we to his christening bring  
 The gifts whereof our vassals sing,  
 The household fire, the marriage ring,  
 That gentler fates unfold?  
 No! In his hand we lay the dower  
 Of stranger gods—a primrose flower,  
 An elfin-lamp, a glittering shower  
 Of dead-leaf faëry gold!

## III.

And thro' youth's tireless nights and days  
 We doom him to the dreamer's ways,  
 To seek (as men seek us) the praise  
 Of our worst enemies;  
 By starlit hill and lamplit town,  
 We bind him to go up and down,  
 And rail against the fair renown  
 Of Life's Realities.

## IV.

And when we've led him, half his years,  
 Far-seeing, in the blinding tears,  
 And fearless, in the growing fears  
 The long rebellion brings,  
 In one quiet hour, we grant him sight  
 Of us, unveiled, in his dream's light. . . .  
 Did aught but dreams e'er praise aright  
 The Sacred Common Things?

G. M. HORT.

## THE STRIKE—AND AFTER

THE after-effects of the great strike are making themselves felt, and considerable tact will be required if they are to be prevented from doing further damage. Great Eastern railwaymen are complaining that they have not been reinstated in their old positions—are grumbling angrily because men who honourably fulfilled the duties demanded of them, in spite of the wild appeals of the agitators, have been allowed to retain positions dishonourably vacated by the grumblers. Thus rumours of another sectional railway rebellion are in the air; and in unhappy Wales—where Mr. Lloyd George, taking the opportunity afforded by laying the foundation-stone of a chapel, has been smoothing matters over by reminding the populace that Liverpool was just as bad as Llanelly—the Labour unrest has spread to the coal-miners. We sincerely trust that during the next month or two, while negotiations are in progress, the Rhondda Valley workers will control their inflammable tempers, and strive to see both sides of a question; at present they seem to be of the opinion, to paraphrase a well-known saying, that

"What South Wales thinks to-day England will think to-morrow."

Meanwhile it may not be out of place to consider briefly one or two points raised in our correspondence columns by our article entitled "The Fruits of Coddle," appearing in the issue of August 12th. Our chief trouble, said the writer of a letter which we printed the following week, is "the inconvenience" caused by strikes. "Inconvenience" is a mild word; had he said the wicked waste and the danger, he would have been nearer the mark. No objection was made to the workman earning a "living wage;" such an objection would be fatuous indeed. No sane man, whatever position in life he may occupy, objects to fair payment for labour, whether that labour be skilled or unskilled; but when the unskilled worker, adequately paid, clamours for shorter hours and more money (both time and money so gained being, we fear, in the great majority of cases, entirely wasted), there is need for vigorous protest. And when the willing worker, skilled or unskilled, not in sympathy with the strikers and their trail of wastrel followers, is compelled to be idle under threats of bodily harm, where does sanity or justice come in?

For their needs, many sections of the strikers were earning a comfortable wage; those who were underpaid have undoubtedly the right to strive to alter the conditions of their labour, but have not the shadow of a right to wreck or to impede the work of others. Again, relations between employer and employed were "pleasant and profitable" at one time, both to masters and men; the writer of the letter exposes his ignorance by doubting it. His example of injustice is valueless without a knowledge of further facts relative to the men's discharge.

"Their strength," says our correspondent, "lies in Labour, and Labour only." How logical, then, to cease work at the bidding of raucous-voiced orators, and to risk misery of every kind! He should descend—or ascend—to the level of a common-sense point of view, and listen thoughtfully to the pathetic distortions of truth to be heard at any Socialist gathering in the parks on any evening, before he puts pen to paper again. "To argue that the dock-hands struck because their wives and children were starving," said one of our contemporaries in a well-considered leading article, "or, as Mr. Ben Tillet maintains, that it is the Pharaohs of capital who, by hardening their hearts to all appeals, brought about the crisis, is an execrable perversion of the facts. It is far nearer the truth to say that the country has been brought face to face with an industrial war of unprecedented magnitude mainly because Trade Unionism, combined with Socialism, has produced evils which palliatives and mild remedies can never cure."

The plea of another correspondent, whose letter we published last week, for a "National Business Department" can hardly be taken as a serious suggestion to ameliorate the present situation. With more Departments comes more complication, and already we have as much machinery in motion in the way of Conciliation Boards, Special Commissions, &c., as can be conveniently managed; nor would a "Business Department," which, in the nature of its constitution, would have to specialise in interference with the work of others, be long in favour. His opinion that the masses, being supplied too soon with free education and fresh liberties, have lost their heads, carries much weight. Into another aspect of the question, raised by "H. C. D.," concerning the responsibility of the present Government for the extraordinary events of the past month, there is no necessity now to enter. From time to time we have pointed out, and shall continue to point out, that legislative irresponsibility reacts upon, and degrades, and disorganises the very heart of the nation.

W. L. R.

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE "CURE" HUMBUG—II.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

UNDER the electric lights appear all the types of faces which are familiar at Monte Carlo or at Enghien—fair-haired Anglo-Saxons losing their money without turning a hair; callous Slavs, half-drunk, and caring not two straws whether they win or lose; nervous and excitable Italians and French, who seem to feel the loss of a five-franc piece more than the Anglo-Saxon or Slav does his thousands. All the familiar mascots are laid on the table—old knives, bunches of keys, teddy bears, and knick-knacks. But still the game goes on as it has ever done, up and down for the punters, one night ahead and the next down, while every evening the steady dropping of the five francs and louis pieces sounds as the sweetest music to the delighted ears of the proprietor and his shareholders. The third year at Humbugbad has been a gigantic success. It encourages the proprietor and promoters to indulge in a gigantic scheme of advertisement for the following year. Agencies are established in London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin. The Press is filled with advertisements, and beautiful photographs of the leading features of the district and of the hotels are reproduced in divers colours. Patrons are invited to book their rooms in advance to ensure them.

The promoters, however, are not altogether satisfied with the class of visitors they are attracting. There are not enough of the Anglo-Saxon race, who are the heavy gamblers; and there are not enough well-known names in the society circles of London and Paris who fill the society columns year in and year out. In a word, something must be done to make Humbugbad a little more fashionable. If only a Grand Duke or a meandering-homeless-throneless Prince or a real live Duchess could be induced to come, the future status of Humbugbad would be assured. Then, again, up to the present there has been a singular and most unfortunate absence of coquettes—those vultures who follow wealth and prosperity. Special terms are arranged for the coquettes, but the Grand Duke presents greater difficulties. Steps are taken to find an indigent one who would be delighted to live free of charge for a month or six weeks in such pleasant surroundings. He is found, fixed upon, and approached. Now persons who apply for rooms are informed that those they require are reserved for the "Grand Duke." The news spreads like wildfire. The attraction is irresistible. Applications from the familiar names in the society columns now come pouring in by the score. A record season is anticipated. Especial efforts are made to provide attractions at the Casino. A priceless band is hired; the best companies from Paris are engaged to appear at the theatre; the coquettes come pouring in, and once you have the coquettes and the Grand Duke, there is and can be no looking back.

And what a season that was at Humbugbad! The hotels were filled to overflowing, and yet hundreds were turned away disappointed; the restaurants were nightly packed, and prices went up fifty per cent. all round. The shop from Paris which had set up branches made huge profits. The names of those who dined at the Grand Duke's tables were duly reported day by day in

a special article written by "Our Correspondent on the Spot" to the *New York Herald*. The amount of money which changed hands at the baccarat-tables surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Every evening the Grand Duke sallied forth to try his luck with several thousand francs borrowed from the hotel; but this was willingly given, and repaid throughout the town an enormous percentage of profit.

The season closed in unparalleled splendour with a magnificent floral fête. The promoters saw their last guests depart with a chuckle of joy and devoted the winter months to counting their profits. The coquettes swore to return in a body the following season. Next year the Grand Duke was not invited. The proprietors had still greater ambitions. The process of evolution from an impoverished Grand Duke to a real live reigning monarch is not a difficult one. The proprietors received orders well in advance to reserve an entire floor of the Imperial Hotel for a King. Again the news spread like wildfire. Alterations to provide for the monarch's comfort were made in the rooms. Again the prices went up with a bound. Again another record season was anticipated. But the spring had been a dry one; the summer had been drier still, and the surrounding country was as parched and arid as the Sahara. Six weeks before the season was due to commence the head of the syndicate received the following telegram, "Source dried up; water will no longer flow. What are we to do?" The awful news almost stunned the proprietor. His face turned ashen grey, his hair still greyer. He called a meeting of his directors. Like condemned criminals awaiting the hangman's cart they sat round in solemn silence. They saw the profits and labours of five years dashed from their hands. The last to arrive at this momentous board meeting was the chief doctor of Humbugbad, who had been given a seat on the board. "Why, what is wrong with you all?" he said. "You look scared out of your wits." They broke the news to him. The doctor smiled a cynical smile. "Is that all?" he coolly remarked. "I thought the hotel had caught fire, which would indeed have been a disaster." "But what is the use of Humbugbad without the 'source'?" asked the trembling chairman of the syndicate. "Oh, Humbugbad shall have its 'source' all right," replied the doctor. "But how?" asked a chorus of eager voices. "I can make it by a very simple chemical process," answered the doctor, "provided there is a river or a stream somewhere in the neighbourhood which still flows." "But will it have the same marvellous curative qualities?" asked the chairman, anxiously. "My dear fellow," replied the doctor, dryly, "the chairman of a great syndicate like ours should be a man of the world. Do you suppose that that little, warm, iron-charged stream really does any good or harm to any one? Not a bit of it. It is not the waters which provide those wonderful cures; it is the moderation which people practise whilst taking them which does the good, and carries on all these worn-out, old, over-fed *roués* and gamblers for another year of dissipation. My chemically prepared water will have exactly the same result, and we need not have any anxiety for the future."

For the next six weeks workmen toiled night and day to divert a stream from the little river half a mile from the "source," and in building a small reservoir underneath the marble cupola and installing the necessary chemical filters and heaters to give it the same warmth and same taste. The work was just completed in time. The royal monarch came,

and with him a magnificent retinue of officials, Ministers, favourites, and satellites. Pictures of him, cup in hand, taking his turn in truly democratic fashion with the rest, filled the illustrated papers of the Continent. At the end of six weeks he left, but the head of the syndicate was at the railway station to see him off. Just before the train started some such charming and characteristic incident as the following was duly reported in the Press:—

His Majesty then stepped up to the manager of Humbugbad and grasped him warmly by the hand, saying: "I am delighted with my cure; I have never taken any waters which suited me so well. I feel better than I have felt for years, and will certainly return next year." Then, taking it from his A.D.C., his Majesty handed the manager the Second Class of the Universal Order.

## STATE INSURANCE IN GERMANY—II.

### OLD-AGE PENSION

THIS is granted to every one of seventy who has paid 1,200 contributions and has maintained his claim. In the five different classes of contributors this pension amounts to £5 10s. per annum in the lowest class, £7 in the second, £8 10s. in the third, £10 in the fourth, and £11 10s. in the fifth and highest class. In each case a subsidy of £2 10s. is contributed by the Imperial Government, the Insurance Institute finding the balance.

### THE INVALIDITY PENSION

is somewhat complicated, and I must give some examples to make my meaning clear. The contributors are divided into five classes of wage-earners:

Class I. receiving	£17 10s. p.a. or less.
" II. "	from £17 10s. p.a. to £27 10s.
" III. "	from £27 10s. p.a. to £42 10s.
" IV. "	from £42 10s. p.a. to £57 10s.
" V. "	£57 10s. and upwards.

Three factors go to make up the pension—

- Firstly, the Imperial subsidy of £2 10s.
- Then a foundation payment equal to 500 times a supposed weekly contribution according to class.

SUPPOSED CONTRIBUTION.	FOUNDATION SUM.
Class I. 12pf. × 500 =	60 marks or £3
" II. 14pf. × 500 =	70 marks or £3 10s.
" III. 16pf. × 500 =	80 marks or £4
" IV. 18pf. × 500 =	90 marks or £4 10s.
" V. 20pf. × 500 =	100 marks or £5

Should less than 500 contributions have been paid, the missing weeks are reckoned as being in Class I. If more than 500 contributions have been paid the contributions of the lowest class are eliminated.

(c) An increment sum is paid for each week's contribution. These sums amount in Class I. to 3 pfennigs per week, in Class II. to 6, in Class III. to 8, in Class IV. to 10, in Class V. to 12 (10 pf. = one penny).

For different classes of over 500 weeks, the higher 500 count.

Example: 100 contributions in Class III., 150 in Class IV., 50 in Class V., 40 illness weeks (reckoned as payments in

Class II.), 160 weeks to make up, reckoned in Class I.: 500 weeks.

Foundation sum—

$$100 \times 80 + 150 \times 90 + 50 \times 100 + 40 \times 70 + 160 \times 60 = 500$$

$$\text{or } 100 \times 16 \text{ pfennigs} + 150 \times 18 \text{ pf.} + 50 \times 20 \text{ pf.} + 40 \times 14 \text{ pf.} + 160 \times 12 \text{ pf.} = 77'80 \text{ marks.}$$

$$\text{Increment—} 100 \times 8 + 150 \times 10 \text{ pf.} + 50 \times 12 \text{ pf.} + 40 \times 6 \text{ pf.} = 31'40 \text{ marks.}$$

Total annuity—50m. Imperial subsidy, 77'80m. foundation sum, 31'40m. increment = 159 marks 20pf., or nearly £8 per annum.

Example II.: 50 contributions in Class I., 100 in Class II., 200 in Class III., 300 in Class IV., 100 in Class V.

The 500 highest contributions are 100 in Class V., 300 in Class IV., and 100 in Class III.

$$\text{Foundation sum—} 100 \times 20 \text{ pf.} + 300 \times 18 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 16 \text{ pf.} = 90 \text{ marks.}$$

$$\text{Increment—} 50 \times 3 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 6 \text{ pf.} + 200 \times 8 \text{ pf.} + 300 \times 10 \text{ pf.} + 100 \times 12 \text{ pf.} = 65'50 \text{ marks.}$$

Total annuity—50 marks + 90 marks + 65'50 marks; total, 205'50 marks, or £10 5s. 6d.

A widow's annuity is paid to a widow permanently disabled, or disabled for more than twenty-six weeks, on the death of her husband, he being an insured person. An orphan's annuity is paid for the children under fifteen years of a deceased insured man and for the orphan children of a deceased insured widow. Widow money is paid on the death of the husband. Orphan endowments are paid on the completion of a child's fifteenth year. The Imperial subvention towards each widow's annuity amounts to £2 10s., to £1 5s. in the case of an orphan's annuity, to a single payment of £1 10s. towards each grant of widow money, and of 16s. 8d. towards each orphan's endowment.

The widow's and orphan's pension is made up in addition by contributions from the Insurance Institute concerned amounting to three-tenths in the case of a widow, three-twentieths in the case of an orphan, one-fortieth in the case of every further child of the invalidity pension drawn by deceased, less the Imperial subsidy. Thus if the pension, less subsidy, was 160 marks, and a man leaves a widow and four children, the widow gets £2 10s. State subsidy *plus* £2 8s., or 48 marks, as her annuity. For the eldest orphan she receives 24 marks, or £1 4s., per annum, and three-fortieths, or 12 marks (12s.) altogether, for the three younger children.

Widow-money amounts to one year's widow-annuity *plus* a lump sum of £2 10s. paid by the Government. Orphan's endowment amounts to two-thirds the orphan annuity *plus* a Government contribution of 16s. 8d.

The contributions as recently altered amount in Class I. to 16pf., in Class II. to 24pf., in Class III. to 32pf., in Class IV. to 40pf., and in Class V. to 48pf. (10pf. = one penny), and are paid in equal shares by masters and men, being generally speaking deducted by the former from the men's wages and paid in the form of stamps—a procedure with which we are about to become familiar. The Invalidity Insurance is at present administered by thirty-one Insurance Institutes and ten "admitted Club Institutes," the latter being large semi-public industrial establishments or bodies which, by reason of the guarantees they offer, are allowed to undertake the administration of the law. Both masters and men enjoy equal representation on the Insurance Institutes. Appeals against the decision of these Institutes lie with the Insurance Office (*Obersicherungsamt*), on which both masters and men have representation, and finally with the Imperial Insurance Office, where like conditions prevail.

I must not forget to call attention to a fact with which

the public here are only beginning to be familiar—the great boon that this insurance has proved to be to the working classes as an agent for combating disease.

Before going into the subject of curative treatment, I must mention parenthetically that not only do the Insurance Institutes undertake these cures, with a view to permanently relieving their funds, but that also at the expiration of twenty-six weeks they give temporary allowances to insured persons incapacitated through illness. The invalidity insurance and sickness insurance supplement one another it will thus be seen in a most perfect manner. With the object of insuring the success of such treatment many hospitals and convalescent homes have been built. At the end of 1909 the 41 Insurance Institutes and admitted Club Institutes owned 71 hospitals, &c., of which 37 were for the use of consumptive patients. The remaining 34 consist of 25 convalescent homes, 2 hospitals for nervous disorders, 1 for venereal diseases, 1 for rheumatic patients, 1 open-air cure establishment, and four general hospitals. The average cost per day per head is 4s. 7d. in the consumptive hospitals, and 4s. 0½d. in the convalescent homes. The Insurance Institutes treat in their own establishments about 50 per cent. of the patients whose cure they undertake. Open-air homes have been largely made use of for persons not actually requiring medical treatment, but whose general state of health leaves much to be desired. In 1909 2,811 persons were treated in these establishments.

The fall in the death-rate from tuberculosis has been largely due to the energetic efforts made by the Insurance organisation to combat this disease, efforts which have been heartily supported by the Imperial Insurance Office in many ways. Under its presidency conferences of doctors have decided upon the best uniform method of treatment for consumptives, and have drawn up model plans and general arrangements of future consumptive hospitals. At one of these conferences a revision of the health statistics of the Insurance Institutes was effected. On another occasion the insistence by the Insurance Office on the necessity of deciding promptly if a patient was suffering from tuberculosis, led to the adoption of a uniform method of early diagnosis. The questions of subscribing money towards the disinfection of the dwellings of tuberculous persons and of the participation of the Institutes in the fight against lupus and of emigrating consumptives to South-west Africa were debated in these conferences, in many cases with positive results.

The co-operation of the military authorities has of late been successfully enlisted, with the result that recruits suffering from tuberculosis are handed over to the Insurance organisation for treatment. While the organisation has in two instances undertaken the treatment of lupus, it has up to now refused to undertake cases of venereal disease. Only one institute, that of Berlin, which is quite at the head of the movement, has founded a hospital for treatment of such cases. But the Imperial Insurance Office is of opinion that this disease—which is so rife in Germany—must be seriously tackled without undue delay, and treatment of it on an extensive scale is only a question of time. The Berlin Institute has established a dental hospital, but this is an isolated case. This institute has further distinguished itself by establishing home-treatment for the sick. I add a few figures illustrative of the results that have been accomplished. In the years 1897 to 1909 over 600,000 persons were treated, of whom 275,000 were suffering from tuberculosis. In the year 1897 nine persons were treated per 10,000 of the insured. In the year 1909 sixty-nine persons per 10,000 were so treated. The cost of treatment amounted in 1909 to £1,213,778, being 10·3 per cent. of the contributions and 12·2 per cent. of the annuities.

As regards the success of the treatment, in 1909, 83 per cent. of tuberculous patients, as well as 84 per cent. of those suffering from other diseases, were dismissed as being capable of earning a living. A system whereby these patients are kept under observation for five years has been adopted. The successful cases on discharge averaged in the last thirteen years 76 per cent. In the observation period since 1897 the percentage of these cases sank to 37 per cent. The Insurance Institute of the Province of Brandenburg, in its report for 1909, gives the result obtained by it during the five years 1905-9. It appears that the percentage of successful treatment sank in this period from 76·74 per cent. to 44·21 per cent. in male and from 79·53 per cent. to 59·29 per cent. in female cases.

These figures will perhaps help us to realise the magnitude of the task that has been accomplished, and the painstaking industry with which this great organisation has been built up. In my conversations with German authorities on this subject I have never yet found any pretension on their part either to claim perfection for or to resent criticism of the work achieved. Want of money is the great obstacle that stands in the way of the accomplishment of many further reforms. The fact remains that State insurance had to be inaugurated, and that while other nations hesitated Germany went ahead. She faced not only the scepticism of the intellectual classes, but the opposition of the workers. The latter, from convinced opponents, have become thorough-going supporters of State insurance, and their objections to the new law which have been so loudly voiced have nothing to do with insurance *per se*, but relate to social discords from which we may claim to be exempt. Reference in articles on the subject is frequently made to the Imperial message to the Reichstag of November, 1881. May we not at thirty years' distance now estimate at their true value the boldness, tempered with discretion, so characteristic of Prince Bismarck and his aged master, and take for our guiding principle in these matters the motto of the latter: "Erst wägen, dann wagen"?

CHRISTOPHER R. TURNER.

## FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCENERY

By FRANK HARRIS

To the artist all things are beautiful. But the loveliness of English scenery is more retiring and discreet than the gorgeous beauty of French landscape. The other day I wandered about in the forest of Fontainebleau, and was ravished by scene after scene that caught the breath and left me thrilling; now it was simply an aisle of trees in fairyland, filled with mystic blue shadows—but as Ruskin said, there are no trees in the world so graceful-lovely as the trees of Northern France; now the vision of a great hill, flaming with massive red boles of firs, all crowned with purple-black plumes, in sharp contrast with the lighter greenery of chestnuts, sycamores, and limes. Now we came on a little open plateau, with an outlook that recalled Turner's pictures. Below us the forest rolled away in wave after wave of green; in the middle distance a river like a thread of silver, a bridge, and a few cottages, with their red tiles glowing bright rose in the sunshine; over the river and the adjacent forest on both banks lay a mist of gossamer; further away beyond the rolling wave of forest a broad upland like a skein of many-coloured silks, the brown of tilth, the pale green of barley intermingling with the silver of ripening wheat and the gold of corn through which the sickle had passed. The width of view, the effect of the

sunshine on the evening mist, the bridge, the little rose-tiled houses, the wide upland aglow with many colours—it all looked as if arranged by a master-artist. I have in mind, too, scenes in Burgundy and in the Dauphiny of a width and grandeur that lift the spirit.

On returning from France our English scenery all seemed cramped and shut in—the view bounded everywhere by hedgerows and trees. I felt like a South African friend who, when I took him for a run through Surrey and showed him the view from Boxhill said, "Yes, it is pretty; but where's the veldt? Have you no country without houses, lonely like the sea, and like the sea unpath'd, untamed?"

After living a little while in England this sense of cramp and garden and park—of nature combed and washed, and precisely dressed in Sunday clothes—gradually left me, and I began to recognise again the special appeal of the English countryside.

A visit to Wimbledon Common one afternoon made me ashamed of my vagrant faithlessness. There is a walk which skirts the whole length of the common, from the old "pound" on Putney Hill to the older "pound" near the village of Wimbledon. The walk is a sandy track wide enough for two, which meanders at its own sweet will with uncertain curves and hesitations to suit the wandering, vague steps of lovers. The trees shading it on both sides are for the most part silver birches with their boles gleaming like mother-of-pearl flecked with patches of russet. I always think of these trees as the girl-children of the forest: there is the same slim grace in both, the same adorable awkwardness of unexpected curves; the colouring, too, and feathery foliage seem purely ornamental. Thanks to the secluding trees and the windings of the shadowed path the walk is everywhere discreet and secret, made for confidences and shy caresses: naturally it is called "The Lovers' Walk." The reticence and modest charm of it are emphasised here and there by momentary vistas over the level heather-clad plain: these glimpses into the larger world of plateau and sky lend enchantment to the withdrawn, embowered way.

I made my way across the common, and lo! the grass and heather in the distance suddenly took on lustre and reddish glow like the hide of some strange animal: I could fancy the earth breathing under the tawny, hot skin.

A few hundred yards and I came to a patch of woodland scarcely more than an acre; a little dell between two sandy banks a few yards in height. The ground was clothed sparsely with harsh tufts of grey-green grass across which dead leaves of birch and walnut and oak had drifted. I paused in wonder: why had I never before noticed the beauty of it? It was as if some artist had seen this splendour of green grass and copper-red leaves and with subtle cunning had blended and subdued them to this magnificence of colour. Little silver birches and willows climbed the banks; behind them, on one hand, a sturdy, half-grown oak showed dark, strong foliage amid the light feathers of the other trees—it was nothing, a few common things, and yet the loveliness of the little glade and its magic carpet and the faint blue of the sky above were enough to bring tears to one's eyes.

All this common is a pageant of pleasures. Walking over the heathery moorland I came suddenly on a little tree-fringed lake. It was a silent, luminous evening, when the colours fading in the sky were in harmony with the colours of shadowed water, dim, yet with a spiritual, strange transparency. The trees fringing the dark, peaty shore mirrored themselves in the still water so that I could hardly tell shape from shadow. It seemed to me an artistic symbol of this incomprehensible world in which realities are dreams and dreams realities—this world in itself so mysterious, with the surprise everywhere of beauty in spite of the simplicity

of things, and the miracle everywhere of happiness in spite of the eternal sameness of things as they are.

I came out from among the trees on the open common. It had not rained for weeks, and the dry air was astonishingly clear, the cope of sky uplifted to infinity. The only blue like this blue dome of the heavens is the blue of the thrush's egg. This word "dome" is a misnomer; it is a blue-bell, or rather a bubble resting on rose rims with green spaces set in the blue side by side with crimson islands.

Why are the heavens painted for us, or, rather, why do our eyes see beauty in the clouds? For it is our eyes that transform the illimitable spaces of air into a blue bubble; our eyes that select the gorgeous colours for the sky-palette.

And, above all, if the beauty is in our seeing, why is it that we only notice it now and then? The artist sees beauty often where the ordinary man can see nothing but ugliness. Whistler taught most of us the mysterious charm of black fogs and the magic of the purple shadows in our moisture-laden air. The moral of it all is that the overmen who are coming after us will see beauty everywhere, and in all natural things.

And as the consciousness of beauty grows in us we shall ask for it even in the things made by man: in our cities and our streets, in our monuments, and perhaps at last even in the souls of our shopkeeping-masters. Fancy what it would be like to see a beautiful city, or even a lovely street, when now one can wander for miles in London without a moment's joy in any lovely sight. Think of our street lamps, all as stiff as policemen, and all alike hideous, unlike policemen, who are all different in spite of the brutal uniformity of their clothes, and then imagine what street-lighting might be if we had the sense even to imitate the heavens, and throw constellations here and there, starring Regent Street with Orion's belt and flaming another Southern Cross as a symbol above that dull Hall of discord at Westminster.

And why should we not have a Comic Street, too, for childish people without imagination, like Strachey of the *Spectator*, or George Russell—a street in which the lamp-posts would curtsey to each other, or indeed kneel or stand sadly alone, like lilies with drooping heads? Of course, the paving-stones would arrange themselves here and there into card-castles; the chimneys, too, might be trained to lean naturally over the eaves to listen to the street gossip below, and some windows should be given thick heavy brows and deep, shadowful sockets; and then the railings—the prim English railings—should be a bestiary of little fantastic figures interlinked with trails of vine and broad-leaved foliage; delightful birds and beasts seated or kneeling with more than human gravity, awful dragons and tailed monsters, eagles with round owl's eyes, and dogs with human faces. Here I would make my railings all of gargoyles, and there of comic men's heads held round the chin by linking hands. The doors should be of all patterns, differentiated like the owners: this one should be deep set like the miser's soul, and of wrought iron like his hands, menacing dark in colour, too, with a sombre sense of power; but in it a little loophole should be practised, and above it a child's face, painted of gay colours and all laughing, just to show that even the miser is human still. Another door should be fashioned to hold a ladder emblazoned on it, for the owner is a lady with social ambitions and belongs to the set known as "The Climbers," and the ladder would naturally be of gold, or at least gilded to show off against the green background; and here should be a poet's door, all lattice-work to let you see inside, and always a-jar to welcome the wanderer and wastrel: and this door must be very poor, for those who give love and joy have nothing else to give, and those who have money have never enough for themselves.

## REVIEWS

## WAGNER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

*My Life.* By RICHARD WAGNER. Two Vols. (Constable and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

WE have read this extraordinary book with feelings of shame, dismay, humiliation. From the enormous mass of literature which has been written about Wagner one had learned that it was impossible to respect or like the man, to whatever extent one might admire his genius. That such a composer could, as a man, have been so contemptible has made men wonder ever since the main facts of his life became known. But his amazing genius seems to have blinded his family, as it hypnotised his long-suffering friends; for on any other hypothesis it is incomprehensible that those he left behind him should have permitted the circulation of this autobiography, which must set an indelible seal of shame on its author, though he bears one of the greatest names in music. We have here the callous confession of a man who can have had neither heart nor conscience, neither conduct nor character. In these miserable pages there is never a gleam of kindly, natural affection to lighten the sad story of a man who must have been one of the most colossally selfish persons that ever existed. The boy who was ready to rob his mother of the greater part of her fortune in order to gamble with it was, in truth, the father of the man who in later life could calmly dictate to a second wife the details of his treatment of her predecessor, and that with a view to ultimate publication. There are incidents in this autobiography which fill the reader with a sense of indescribable loathing for the unmanly creature who could bring himself to transcribe them. We said that he was colossally selfish, but what shall be said of the stupendous vanity which made it possible for Wagner thus to proclaim his shamelessness? He considered himself, as it seems, so great as to be above and independent of all the ordinary rules by which men's character is to be judged. Self-love and self-advertisement can surely go no further than this, that a man should be anxious for the public to know the evil of his private life, as if anything, forsooth, can be pardoned to a genius! We are reminded by this book of what Macaulay said of Boswell: "Everything which another man would have hidden, everything the publication of which would have made another man go and hang himself, that he has told about himself; he has used many people ill, but assuredly he has used nobody so ill as himself."

But if this book is in many respects the most painful human document we remember to have read, it is none the less true that it is a wonderfully well done piece of autobiography, and that it is, on the whole, absorbingly interesting. It suffers, as does all Wagner's work, literary as well as musical, from its length, and the minuteness, which is its chief merit, becomes tiresome when episodes which were not worth remembering are treated with the same care for detail which is so valuable at other times. Wagner had no "tact of omission." The first volume is decidedly the more interesting of the two. Here we are given an extraordinarily vivid portrait of Wagner in his younger days. It may be that the unsettled circumstances of his boyhood had something to do with the marring of his character. He was moved about from pillar to post in the charge of fathers and stepfathers, uncles and step-uncles; sometimes he was with his mother, who was not perhaps very tender or wise. She "threatened him with her curse if he should ever go on the stage," and her conduct when the

son confessed that he had gambled with her money was certainly singular. Now he lives in poor lodgings; then we hear of him with relations who occupied a suite of rooms occasionally used by the Electoral family and decorated under Augustus the Strong. He was a trouble to his teachers (not that there was any great harm in that), except when one of them found that he could write what was called "poetry," and desired him to compose a "grand epic."

He was always enormously imaginative. Such "parties" as he was admitted to seemed to him "brilliant," and picnics at which Weber acted as cook were, no doubt, interesting enough. Like Charles Lamb, he was horribly afraid of ghosts, and he believed this fear was an important factor in the development of his mind. Left in a room for some time, gazing at lifeless objects such as furniture, he would suddenly scream with fright, because they seemed alive. Bits of scenery and costumes at the theatre seemed to come from another world. His sisters were actresses, and "my heart would beat madly at the touch of one of their dresses." From an early age he was susceptible of female charms, and he remembers that he used to pretend to be too helplessly sleepy to move, so that he might have the pleasure of being carried up to bed by the girls. Of course he adored music, but was the only child in the large family who was not given music-lessons, not, that is, until he was twelve years old. Weber was his delight, "'Don Juan' appeared frivolous to me, but perhaps that was because it was Italian." His joy in the orchestra was always intense. The sounding of bare fifths on the violin seemed like a greeting from a spirit world, and he never could pass a certain house without a shudder, for there he had first heard a violin, and its tones seemed to him to come not from the spirit world, but from one of the stone figures with which the façade was adorned. When he hears music of Beethoven for the first time the boy is overwhelmed with emotion: "I conceived of him as a sublime and unique supernatural being; this image was connected with that of Shakespeare; in ecstatic dreams I met both of them, saw and spoke to them, and, on awaking, found myself bathed in tears."

To learn enough of the technique of music to enable him to compose, he borrowed Logier's "Methode des Generalbasses" on a weekly payment system from old Wiecek, Clara Schumann's father, and then began the financial difficulties with which he was to be familiar for so many years. He did not like the book when he had got it: "Music seemed to me a spirit, a noble, mystic monster, and any attempt to regulate it seemed to lower it in my eyes." His friends were a queer lot, and he does not appear to have come under any wholesome influence. Wayward, undisciplined, he must always have been a law unto himself; his education, if such it can be called, was proceeded with intermittently, though he was conscious of a desire to know everything except mathematics. He longed to study Greek and read Sophocles, and we cannot wonder that his first attempt to enjoy the classics came to nothing, "for my tutor's room overlooked a tanner's yard." The smell overcame the desire for Sophocles. An epoch in his life was the hearing "Fidelio" sung by Schoeder-Devrient, "young, beautiful, ardent, whose like I have never again seen on the stage: if I look back upon my life as a whole, I can find no event that produced so profound an impression on me." Only one other musical impression was as strong as this one: the first hearing of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Thus the story of the gradual evolution of musical genius is told, and we cannot deny that to every one who has been under the spell of Wagner's gigantic power as a composer its details must be of surpassing interest. But all this legitimate interest is set in a background of sordid horrors,

and this background is the main part of the picture. We are spared no detail of the rowdy unseemliness and coarse vulgarity of the scenes amid which Wagner's early life was passed, and through it all there stands out the pitiless figure of the youth for whom self and music were the only two objects in life. Then he meets Minna Planer, makes her his mistress, and settles that the child she has borne to some previous lover shall always be considered as her sister. Into the further story of this wretched union, into the tiresome intrigues of the provincial theatre world through which this dismal pair threaded their way, only kept alive, as it seems, by the tireless generosity of friends on whom Wagner was never weary of sponging; into the hardships of the life in Paris; the hopes and fears of the life at Zurich, with its guilty secrets, we have neither the inclination nor the space to enter. Everything is told in the autobiography, which is carried up to the year 1864, when the summons to Munich came from the young King of Bavaria. It is an unhappy story, and Wagner must have been an unhappy man.

Never had any one more loyal or more devoted friends, but he was incapable of enjoying their friendship, and valued them only as almoners. We think he mentions no one at whom he has not at one time or another a nasty innuendo to deliver. His praise is seldom anything but niggardly, and he was ever ready to quarrel with his staunchest ally. How could such a man be happy? He mentions a two days' trip to Saxon Switzerland made in his youth, and is able, when approaching age, to say of it, "This is the sweetest and almost sole remembrance of unalloyed happiness in the whole of my life as a young man." Of his wedding-day he could write: "There was not one real friend amongst all those present;" and, again, "No lasting personal bond of friendship ever found its way into my life." That this loveless soul could not appreciate friends is not surprising, and it is not surprising that a being so magnificent as Liszt should have been great enough to regard only the genius and be blind to the baseness of the *ingrat* whom he succoured so nobly. But it is only by admitting the inexplicably constraining power of one who has genius that we can understand how Wagner had so many friends.

One thing we must set down to his credit. He worked hard, and his perseverance was indomitable. He admired the novels of Walter Scott as well as the dramas of Shakespeare, and he was foolishly fond of animals. "Robber," the Newfoundland, "Peps the petulant," and "Fips," his successor, "Papo" the parrot, with other animals, were objects of intense, wrong-hearted affection. When the first parrot died, "my inconsolable grief over this melancholy loss united me once again to my wife;" but when the third dog met his end we read: "The sudden death of this lively and lovable creature acted as the final rift in a union which had long since become impossible." No true dog-lover will like Wagner the better for this.

We have not had the opportunity of comparing the translation of the autobiography with the original German, and are therefore unable to pronounce upon its qualities of fidelity to the text. From what we know of Wagner's prose, we should be inclined to hazard a guess that the translator has sought, not unsuccessfully, to lighten the literary style of the book as it left the author's hands. Amateurs who wish to read about the genesis and growth of Wagner's operas will not find much that is new or important in these volumes. They will learn much more from such a book as the correspondence with Mathilde Wesendonk. Here they will be rewarded by being let into the secrets of the ignominy of a man of vast genius who has unveiled himself with a hand as unshrinking as that of Balzac.

## STEVENSON'S LETTERS—II.

*The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN. Four Volumes. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net each.)

WE have mentioned that one of the most striking features of Stevenson's letters is their many-sidedness, and in this they reflect faithfully enough the brilliant variety of his conversation. He wrote in strict obedience to the mood of the moment, and his moods were as changeable as those of a child, though, like a child, he was predisposed in favour of cheerfulness. One consequence of this quick alternation of grave and gay has been to lead certain critics to question his sincerity. For instance, after writing beautiful letters to Henley and Miss Ferrier on the death of the latter's father, he wrote to his cousin, "Poor Ferrier, it bust me horrid," and this has been charged against him as a proof of soullessness. Yet to any one who has seen a child laughing when it is hurt for fear that it should cry, the flippant wording of the phrase is evidence in favour of the sincerity of his regret. This flippancy of Stevenson was as much a part of his character as his desire to preach, but those who have escaped the influence of his enchantment will forgive him neither the one nor the other. That the author of "Jekyll and Hyde" should also have written "The Wrong Box" is interesting, but not unnatural; that the farce is better done than the parable touches the author's art rather than his sincerity. So when he writes to his friends with laughter on his lips we are not always sure that there is laughter in his heart. Touchstone is labelled a comic character, though his is a more tragic case than Hamlet's; and Stevenson for all his schoolboy fun and courage, could cry on occasion, "and if it had not been for my small strength I might have been a different man in all things." Your airy trifle does not write like that.

This emotional variety, while enhancing the value of Stevenson's correspondence to the reader, does not make it easy to do justice to it by quotation. His painful contests with his father on matters of belief, his methods of work, his joyous appreciation of children, his relationship with the natives of Samoa, his happy use of slang and his advice to young authors would each supply materials for a complete article, and still the great bulk of his letters would rest untouched. In THE ACADEMY, however, a paper for which at one time he did a certain amount of literary criticism, his judgments on books and their writers, to which we made some reference last week, call for fuller notice.

Stevenson was a good critic, in the sense that his criticism was individual and based on no academic theories of art. He stated his preferences with agreeable energy. "I mean to read Boswell now until the day I die." "Le Crime et le Châtiment" is easily the greatest book that I have read in ten years. . . . Dostoevsky is a devil of a swell, to be sure." "The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet." He reads a book by Anatole France and vows he has no use for him; then he falls across the Abbé Coignard, proclaims himself a faithful adorer and records his impression that no better book has ever been written. His less appreciative criticisms are no less emphatic. George Eliot is "a high but, may we not add? a rather dry lady." Zola's books are "Romance with the smallpox . . . diseased anyway and blackhearted and fundamentally at enmity with joy." "Ugliness is only the prose of horror. It is when you are not able to write 'Macbeth' that you write 'Thérèse Raquin.'" Yet later he expresses a great admiration for that unsatisfactory book "La Débâcle."

When we come to his criticisms of his English contem-

poraries we find no diminution of energy. Mr. Weyman's "A Gentleman of France" is "a real chivalrous yarn," Mr. Gosse's well-known lines to his infant daughter are "blooming good." His contrast between the poetry of Henley and Mr. Kipling is piquant. Writing of Henley, he says:—

There is perhaps no more genuine poet living, bar the Big Guns. How poorly Kipling compares! He is all smart journalism and cleverness: it is all bright and shallow and limpid, like a business-paper—a good one *s'enten*; but there is no blot of heart's blood and the Old Night: there are no harmonics, there is scarce harmony to his music; and in Henley—all of these; a touch, a sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, the shadow of the inscrutable, eloquent beyond all definition.

A sense within sense, a sound outside the sound, that is praise that any poet would be content to earn. It should be added that Stevenson had a high appreciation of Mr. Kipling's prose works. Of Mr. Barrie, the Barrie of "The Little Minister" and "A Window in Thrums," he wrote "stuff in that young man; but he must see, and not be too funny. Genius in him, but there's a journalist at his elbow, there's the risk." For Meredith, both as poet and novelist, he had an unbounded admiration. "Have you read Meredith's 'Love in the Valley'? It got me, I wept; I remembered that poetry existed." On Meredith the man there is a strange criticism that the Editor only partially softens in a footnote. "There is something in that potent, *genialisch* affectation that puts one on the strain even to address him in a letter. He is not an easy man to be yourself with; there is so much of him, and the veracity, and the high intellectual humbug are so intermixed."

In a letter to Henley, written in his thirty-fourth year, we find a statement of his attitude towards art in general. "My view of life is essentially the comic, and the romantically comic. 'As You Like It' is to me the most bird-haunted spot in letters; 'Tempest' and 'Twelfth Night' follow. These are what I mean by poetry and nature." He refers to Molière, Musset, and Meredith, and continues:—

And to me these things are the good; beauty, touched with sex and laughter; beauty, with God's earth for the background. Tragedy does not seem to me to come off; and when it does, it does so by the heroic illusion; the anti-masque has been omitted; laughter, which attends on all our steps in life, and sits by the deathbed, and certainly redacts the epitaph, laughter has been lost from these great-hearted lies.

Yet afterwards, as we have seen, he was to praise "Crime and Punishment," which certainly does not succeed by aid of the heroic illusion; and in any case he would have been well advised to substitute the "Midsummer Night's Dream" for "The Tempest" in his trio of romantically-comic plays. "The Tempest" is not haunted by birds, but by rather disquieting ghosts.

We will not specifically mention his numerous appreciations of Scott and Dumas; these were to be expected from the author of "Kidnapped" and the "Master of Ballantrae." But it is interesting to read that in his opinion Scott, Balzac, and Thackeray were the three people who had had the "true creator's brush." In a famous passage he severely criticises Balzac, and states a theory of art that is, in our judgment, mistaken. Balzac

Was a man who never found his method. An inarticulate Shakespeare, smothered under forcible-feeble detail. It is astounding to the ripper mind how bad he is, how feeble, how untrue, how tedious; and, of course, when he surrendered to his temperament, how good and powerful. And yet never plain nor clear. He would not consent to be dull, and thus became so. He would leave nothing

undeveloped, and thus drowned out of sight of land amid the multitude of crying and incongruous details. There is but one art—to omit! O if I knew how to omit, I would ask no other knowledge. A man who knew how to omit would make an Iliad of a daily paper.

We have been more concerned with stating Stevenson's criticisms than debating them, but we fancy that few readers of Balzac would subscribe to the above criticism as it stands, and equally few perhaps would be found to say that it was wholly unjust. But it may safely be said that the art of omission never produced one line of literature by itself, and that practically all writers of genius have patently lacked it.

Here, then, are a bare handful of the opinions of a very stimulating and individual critic, and in considering Stevenson in this light we have merely chosen one of a hundred that are faithfully reflected in the pages of his correspondence. By so doing we have naturally failed to do justice to the effervescent gaiety which bubbles quenchlessly in these letters and fills them with delightful surprises. We must leave the sure discovery of their further merits to the many thousands of readers who should take advantage of this definitive edition to make the acquaintance of a letter-writer who can have had few equals in the English language. When we express the opinion that on these letters Stevenson's name as an artist will ultimately depend, we are confident that we are giving him no mean measure of fame. It is hard to believe that an age will be born that will not find them charming.

## A NATION'S LOVE SONGS

*La Lyre d'Amour. An Anthology of French Love-Poems from the Earliest Times down to 1866. Selected and Annotated by CHARLES B. LEWIS. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)*

POETRY is the cult of the elemental. There are other definitions, but this one is convenient for our purpose, and contains besides a fair share of the truth. Poetry teaches our carnal eyes to look on the sea and the mountains, and our spiritual eyes to look on Life, Death, and Love. The last-named of this great trio of mysteries has, in the common estimation, claims to a special and almost exclusive dominion in the realms of poetry. This vulgar notion has a certain justification. Whenever a commonplace or prosaic mind has found expression for a moment in poetry, it is always love that has been the source of inspiration. But what is undoubtedly true of the occasional lapse into song is far from applying absolutely to the whole field of poetry. There are other high themes, other lofty conceptions. We have only to look through the pages of any judicious anthology, in any language, through a volume of any of the poets whom Time has consecrated, to be convinced of this truth—that love, in any ordinary sense, is not the whole stuff of imagination. In a wider sense, no doubt, love and poetry may be taken to be synonymous, just as love and Christianity are synonymous; but the synthesis is rather too enormous for subsequent analytical processes.

An anthology entirely devoted to love-poetry would probably have a rather cloying effect if treated like most ordinary books of verse. Such a selection, if made on very strict principles, would form, we venture to think, one of the most intolerable volumes to spend an afternoon with that could possibly be imagined. When we speak of strict principles, we mean roughly that nothing should be considered under the heading of love-poetry but which has reference to a particular passion, or—a rare case—that which deals with love in the abstract. In his very excellent Anthology Mr. Lewis has included certain poems that seem

to us to have rather doubtful claims; the book is none the worse on that account—gold is the better for an alloy. We should, for instance, be rather disposed to quarrel with the inclusion of those two exquisite and famous poems, the "Ballade des Dames du Temps jadis," and "Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose"—the first-named would be very difficult to justify as a love-poem, and the other strikes us as more properly an Epicurean ode, in the manner of Horace, on the instability of human things, with an incidental love-element.

Love is a universal passion, and we cannot believe that there is any really great and essential difference between the feelings of lovers in different ages and in different countries. But as there are great differences of degree between various temperaments, so there is enormous divergence in conventions and social conditions from country to country and from land to land. French observers of English customs are never tired of telling us, what in some cases is almost obvious, that *amour* and "love" are two very different things; it is really quite a superficial observation; *amour* and "love" both exist in both countries. All that is really certain is that "lover" cannot be translated by *amant*. Mr. Lewis has given in the course of an excellent introduction a very clear view of the development of the idea of love in French poetry. The early traditional poems exhibit a curious social phenomenon; the woman is the suitor, and is often treated and regarded with indifference by the man. Then came the age of chivalry, and the positions were reversed. The *trouvères* prostrated themselves before their *dames* as before a deity, and initiated a fashion that lasted through centuries. Ronsard and his school put new life and variety into this conception, which waxed fainter and fainter, till it was once again awakened by the trumpets of the Revolution and the Romantic Movement. Victor Hugo, de Musset, and Lamartine explored every corner of the domain of love, and realised the Golden Age of French lyric poetry. Sully Prudhomme was a survivor of the great school, and symbolists and decadents have consummated the inevitable reaction. We think it would be true to say that the great ages of lyrical expansion have generally coincided with the most stirring epochs in the world's history, or they have precluded them, or they have sung them out. In any case, the periods that have been lyrically barren have been also the periods of a general want of faith.

Poetry is not always the faithful mirror of a time or a country. It is always by its nature more or less the slave of conventions, and no kind of poetry is so liable to convention as love-poetry. The conventions sometimes acquire such strength that it is difficult for even the most tempestuous genius to break through them. We are tempted to infer that, apart from certain short periods, certain movements, and certain names, the distinction between the songs of certain nations of a similar culture, and at the same moment in their development, would be extraordinarily difficult to establish. French love-poems are not a real species. There are undoubtedly moments when French love-poetry is something apart, but these moments occur seldom, and are associated with names of overpowering genius. The structure of French verse gives an illusion of strong individuality. The alleged difference between the English and French conceptions of love does not enter into poetry. In the earlier ages lyric love was wholly in the hands of convention, and the convention was European rather than national. After the Renaissance Englishmen had not yet learned to conceal their dearest emotions, and they spoke both in prose and in verse on the great subject with as little restraint as their neighbours. After the eighteenth century our tongues were sealed in ordinary intercourse, and love was relegated to books, while Frenchmen continued to speak of *amour* wherever two or three of them fore-

gathered. Incidentally we have no word in the common speech for *patrie*, but that want seems to be secular. It is partly the horror of abstractions that makes us shudder at *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, but it is also based on the feeling that our deepest emotions are not for everyday speech. But this restriction does not apply to literature; lyrical poetry is by definition personal, as contrasted with other *genres*, but it is impersonality itself compared with familiar conversation. The difference between Byron, Burns, and Shelley on the one hand, and Musset and Hugo on the other, is entirely one of degree, and depends on the fineness of the individual perceptions. "*L'amour est fétichiste*"—we quote from one of M. Anatole France's heroes—and there is no truer word to describe the Romantic attitude towards love. It is the note in the "Lac" of Lamartine, in Hugo's "Tristesse d'Olympe," and in the finest passages of Tennyson's "Maud." Love levies tribute on the whole world; the lover calls in Nature to form an integral part of his passion.

Mr. Lewis' selection is by no means commonplace. He has given a large place to the Middle Ages, and has presented many charming writers and poems, from a period little known to English readers. He has taken the very sensible step of giving his explanatory notes in French, whereby a ray of light is often shed on philological obscurities. Canon de Béthune and King Thibaut of Navarre are among the singers; the poetry of their age makes us think a little of James I. of Scotland and the Scottish successors of Chaucer, though the dates do not correspond; but the mediæval uniformity justifies the comparison. Mr. Lewis is debarred by copyright obstacles from including contemporaries and recent masters; he particularly regrets the impossibility of giving some selections from Sully-Prudhomme's works. Sometimes we miss an old favourite; we have often thought that the song from "Érivadnus"—

Si tu veux, faisons un rêve,

contains the quintessence of love-poetry; but after all the old favourites are not difficult to find elsewhere. The value of the book is that it gives what is not so easily accessible, and supplies a key for the reading of it. Many of the specimens have no great intrinsic worth, but serve to illustrate periods. Mr. Lewis presents them with apologies, but it is easy to tolerate the presence of a few daubs in a gallery of masterpieces.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Some Old Devon Churches.* By JOHN STABB. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

EVERYONE knows how rich Devonshire is in beautiful churches and fine old chancel-screens, about which many books have been written. Yet a new one is always welcome, especially when it is well illustrated with original photographs, of which this volume, the second of the series, contains no less than one hundred and sixty by the author. Mr. Stabb has taken great pains not only to present excellent pictures of the interiors of churches with their screens, but also of many interesting and less-known bits of architecture. Among these we notice two of Easter Sepulchres, four of the remarkable font at Dolton, made probably from the shaft of an ancient Celtic cross, carved with interlaced and serpentine patterns. Another most interesting photograph is that of the Tabernacle of the Blessed Sacrament at Warkleigh, which is supposed to have been made on the

Accession of Queen Mary to take the place of the hanging Pyx, which had been appropriated to the King's use in 1552.

The descriptive letterpress is full of valuable information concisely told. Many quaint epitaphs and inscriptions on bells are given. The poet Herrick was Vicar of Dean Prior from 1629 to 1674, and in the church is an epitaph written by him on the monument of Sir Edward Giles. It is "now almost washed out by the sponge of time," and certainly ought to be restored. Mr. Stabb has rescued it from oblivion by giving a transcript. It is a pleasure to read a work so thoroughly and accurately done, and we may add one that is printed in clear and beautiful type on excellent paper, pleasant and comfortable features lacking in too many books of to-day, and—a great joy—no tiresome cutting of the leaves.

*Papua: a Handbook to its History, Inhabitants, Physical Features, and Resources, &c.* Compiled from Government Records and other Sources. By W. CHARLES PRITCHARD. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

PAPUA, the curiously shaped island which is so nearly joined by coral reefs to Australia, is one of those far places of the earth which most people know only by name and perhaps by rumours of cannibalism. Dr. Pritchard, Archdeacon of Broken Hill, New South Wales, who was attached to the staff of the Anglican Mission in New Guinea from May, 1907, to March, 1908, was asked to prepare a little book which might serve as a manual of information on this unfamiliar land, and this handy volume is the result. It was only in the middle of the nineteenth century that New Guinea became at all known to the civilised world, when H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, commanded by Captain Owen-Stanley, surveyed the southern shores, and the first accurate examination of the coasts was made by Captain (afterwards Admiral) John Moresby when in command of H.M.S. *Basilisk* as late as 1873.

History repeats itself. In 1884 the Germans were bothering us over their share of the island, but since 1888, when the protected territory became an acknowledged British possession, affairs have run smoothly. The horrors of cannibalism have practically vanished, although the fate of the Rev. James Chalmers on April 8th, 1901, is a sad reminder that the customs and passions of the natives cannot be held in check without many years of patience and perseverance. The chapters on the resources of Papua and the precautions to be taken for the avoidance of malarial fevers are of great interest, and the book will certainly be of valuable assistance to any one who thinks of settling in the island for business purposes. Papua is rich in possibilities, and will probably be much more before the notice of the commercial and investing public in the next twenty years than it has yet been.

*Guide to the Exhibition of Animals, Plants, and Minerals mentioned in the Bible.* Illustrated. Special Guide No. 5. (British Museum, Department of Natural History. 6d.)

THE enterprising trustees of the British Museum initiated this most interesting exhibition at South Kensington as a supplement to the literary and historical Biblical Exhibition arranged at Bloomsbury for the Tercentenary of the Authorised Version. Mr. R. Lydekker, F.R.S., and Dr. G. F. Herbert Smith are respectively responsible for the selection, arrangement, and labelling of the animal and

mineral specimens, and Dr. A. B. Rendle, F.R.S., performed a similar service with regard to the plants. The zoological and botanical parts of the Guide-book are virtually reprints of the exhibited labels, the information on which is, to a considerable extent, derived from the late Dr. H. B. Tristram's fine work, "The Natural History of the Bible." Notwithstanding all that has been written about them during many centuries, there is still great uncertainty as to the original signification of the Hebrew and Greek names of the Biblical minerals. They are not considered in Dr. Tristram's work, and as the subject presents much difficulty, Mr. L. Fletcher, Director of the Natural History Museum, has contributed to the Guide-book a short, erudite essay showing how modern interpretations of the ancient names of Biblical minerals have been deduced. It will thus be seen that no pains have been spared in the preparation of this booklet, which contains a rich fund of most curious, interesting, and useful information.

## NEW EDITIONS

*Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son.* Edited by G. H. LORIMER. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

*Poems of Oscar Wilde.* (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

*The Pickwick Papers; Nicholas Nickleby.* (Nelson and Sons. 2s. each net.)

THE acute and amusing letters "from John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards in Chicago," to his son Pierrepont at Harvard, have reached their nineteenth edition since they were first published in the year 1903, and such a statement is high praise in itself. The stern admonitions—"You're not going to be a poet or a professor, but a packer;" the smart advice—"Have something to say: say it: stop talking;" the aphorisms, maxims, stories—all are as fresh as ever, and in its present neat and handy form the volume is certainly splendid value for a shilling.

From a literary point of view the "Poems" of Wilde are also good to possess at this small price and in this compact binding, although only a selection is given. Some of the best are included, however, and the "Ballad of Reading Gaol, which in itself should attract many purchasers.

By the use of very thin paper the 880 pages which contain the story of "Nicholas Nickleby" and the 845 pages of "Pickwick" are compressed into quite handy volumes; Messrs. Nelson and Sons are to be congratulated on issuing their "New Dickens" in such an attractive form, especially as the welcome "Phiz" illustrations are reproduced cleverly, and, wonderful to relate, appear in their correct positions with regard to the text. The novels of Charles Dickens will apparently bear the test of unlimited editions and reprints, and for those who do not possess sets of the classical—almost historic—leather-bound volumes which are so familiar a feature of many libraries, the present clearly-printed and neatly-presented series will prove a capital substitute.

## FICTION

*Ladies Whose Bright Eyes.* By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

THE lost age of chivalry is one which has been so often and so indifferently well revived on paper that it is always with a feeling of distrust that one opens a novel dealing with it. If Mr. Hueffer speedily removes that distrust it is not only because he is so obviously master of his subject, and without

any desire to make his characters either strutting chancellors or drunken buffoons, but also and largely because he has so cunningly connected his period with the twentieth century. He has taken a more than usually up-to-date and disillusioned man, and projecting him into the fourteenth century, has made it his business to show, among other things, how that time might appear to modern eyes, how it might affect a modern man, and how little a modern man could hope to affect it.

We first meet Mr. William Sorrel, the smart publisher, on a boat express, where he is standing in the corridor smoking and considering the mild flirtation he has recently indulged in with a Mrs. Lee-Egerton, an adventure which has caused him to lend the lady a considerable sum of money for the redemption of her scapegrace son. As security he holds the Tamworth-Egerton crucifix, a relic of the Crusades, and he is examining it when we make his acquaintance. He cannot bring himself to keep it, and presently goes back to the compartment where Mrs. Lee-Egerton is sitting to restore it; but before he can accomplish this, an accident occurs to the train, the carriage telescopes and turns over, and the collapsing roof strikes Mr. Sorrel into oblivion. He wakes to find himself clad in a turban and a shift, still holding the crucifix and trudging over Salisbury Plain to bear it to the castle of the Knight of Egerton, its owner. The immediate effects of the transition are humorous, and Mr. Sorrel vents some very amusing remarks as he notes the peculiarities of the landscape—the robbers hung on every hilltop, the unaccountable absence of train-smoke, a golden eagle long extinct floating overhead, and a nun on a white mule journeying beside him. In a short time he reaches the castle of the De Courcys, kinsfolk of the Egertons, and is welcomed by a procession of nuns and priests from a neighbouring convent, chanting and swinging censers, all very eager to obtain possession of the cross. There is a contest between them and the Lady Blanche de Courcy, who, with a few retainers too old to follow her husband to the wars, overpowers the priests and makes Mr. Sorrel her guest. He at first believes himself to be taking part in a pageant, but is soon convinced that all is real by the internal arrangements of the castle. He is appalled by its mingled filth and sybaritism, its beautiful clothes and the horrible food, the luxurious bath and the offal-strewn courtyard in which it stands. He wisely retains the cross, since its possession makes him a man of mark. Presently the Lady Dionissia, wife without ever having seen him to the Knight of Egerton, puts in another claim for it, and, in the absence of their lords, the two ladies decide to settle the matter by personal combat according to the rules of the tourney.

While this event is preparing we are taken North to the borders of Scotland, where Queen Eleanor and Earl Mortimer are conducting a series of forays, with the Knights of Courcy and Egerton in their forces. One incident, though portrayed with a wonderful attention to details of dress and manners, does not quite convince us. Surely in that day rulers were not compelled to hold audience with knights in the bedchambers of the latter while they were dressing; surely, also, knights of small power and possessions would not have flouted Mortimer and the Queen in such an easy and careless manner. About the knighting of Mr. Sorrel and the ladies' tournament, however, we have no doubts. It is a splendid picture, and Sir Ygorac, the aged master of the ceremonies, is a charming figure. Ultimately the Lady Dionissia conquers, and Sir William Sorrel rides off with her. We need not disclose in what way he is swept back again to his original century, bereft of his smartness and clothed with a new idealism. In the girl who nursed him after the accident he discovers a descendant of the Lady Dionissia, bearing the same name, and it is a fitting conclusion to the tale that he should marry her and set about the restoration of that

small castle of Winterburne St. Martin which Sir Ygorac gave to Sir William Sorrel on his knighthood.

*The Little Green Gate.* By STELLA CALLAGHAN. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 5s.)

MOST of us have heard the story of the frugal housewife who, when purchasing some Gruyère cheese, indignantly protested against having to pay for the holes in it. After a perusal of "The Little Green Gate," any purchaser of the book who is not an expert decipherer of dots and dashes will have no difficulty in understanding, and sympathising with, the worthy woman's irate feelings. What can be more tantalising to the omnivorous fiction-reader, who is ever in search of new sensations, than such a passage as this?—"Passionately, burningly, he whispered . . . . . What did he whisper? Apparently four dots. Just that and nothing more, which leaves much to the imagination, and that is all that can be pleaded in favour of such a style of writing. Dots and dashes, indeed, pervade the whole volume. There is a dash on the first page and forty-nine dots on the last one. These dots are even made to figure in a telegram—"May I come to you . . . want work . . . urgent . . . Peter." We wonder what the Post Office charged for them.

Peter is the hero of the story, and a rather despicable hero, too; for, after becoming engaged to Moonie, with whom he has, to say the least, a very "dotty" and "dashy" adventure in a punt, he makes love to Nina at the little green gate while a thunderstorm "raged above their heads and the rain pelted on them." But that was a mere detail, of which neither took the slightest notice, as the following, dots and all, will show:—

She lifted her lips up to be kissed. He bent and kissed them, a long, long kiss, with all the world in it . . . their first, their last, their only kiss . . . but to them worth all the rest of time. There is always one moment in one's life when one understands eternity. . . .

Then Peter "became acutely conscious of the miserable dripping state of his evening clothes," and, "petering out," returned to Moonie, otherwise Muriel, and her mother, Mrs. Jimmy, who "purred from the sofa" at him. Yet before he settled down to a humdrum married life "the old cynical smile twisted his thin lips" once more, showing that he was not only a fickle lover but also an expert contortionist. The illustrations to this most emotional though somewhat lackadaisical story help to elucidate in a measure the ubiquitous dots and dashes which the printer is to be congratulated on having so generously supplied in these days of strikes, earning thereby, no doubt, the heartfelt gratitude of the fair authoress, if not that of her readers.

*A Woman of Small Account.* By M. E. MARTENS. (The Walter Scott Publishing Company. 6s.)

IF the De Villers family, so ably depicted here by Miss Martens, is at all typical of its class, then the Boers are not people among whom we should care to live. The patriarchal and self-righteous Hendrik and his numerous daughters and sons-in-law are an extremely unpleasant lot, but their unpleasantness is that lifelike variety possessed, for example, by some of Jane Austen's and George Eliot's characters. Content that the victory is with the right side, we follow with deep satisfaction the bickerings between them and Hester, the old man's grandchild and ward of the son he has almost made a half-wit by his brutality. Family quarrels in Miss Martens' hands are anything but trivial, and we have

seldom read a more convincing domestic scene than that where the old man has married his lady-help, a bumptious girl, and has ordered his granddaughter to address her late menial as grandmother, only to be met by the information that granddaughter and son are about to leave his house for ever. Hester's love-making and marriage with John West, a type of the "wooden" Englishman, are not so good, but there is much pathos in this latter part of the book. Hester, with her strong views on sex questions (strong enough to break up her home), is a powerfully-drawn character—never insipid, far from perfect, and often touched with a human aggressiveness. Miss Martens' chief fault is her style, which, except in the dialogue, is never very good, her opening paragraph in particular being a terrible piece of writing.

## MAGAZINES

FOR many readers the *pièce de résistance* of the *English Review* for September will doubtless be Mr. Alfred Noyes' article, or rather review, entitled simply "Poetry," since all who are familiar with Mr. Noyes' work recognise that in treating his special subject, whether in a deliberately written article or in a notice of the poetry of others, he must in some degree give us an essay. He will be illuminating, whether we agree with him or not, and this appreciation of an anthology, "Eyes of Youth," by one who knows well and truly what laws should go to the making of an anthology, is no exception to that rule. He protests against the tendency to be "too deliberately artistic"—the "transitional stage between that of the mere Philistine and that of the artist to whom the method of expression has become so natural that he thinks no more about it," and the whole article is good fare for the literary reader.

Sir Hugh Gilzean-Reid, LL.D., vice-chairman of the Middlesex County Association, contributes a reasoned study of "Our Citizen Defence," demanding close attention. In the light of recent events, however, some of its statements may have to be qualified, as when he remarks that "nowhere else in the world are the sovereign and representative institutions of a country regarded with profounder respect, supported with livelier interest, or served with readier loyalty than by the industrial class in Great Britain, which unquestionably stands unrivalled in its patriotic impulses." Despite this it is an important and thoughtful article, to be read by all who are interested in the question of home defence.

The unpublished MSS. of the late Charles Reade, "Androgynism, or Woman Playing at Man," is concluded, and proves very amusing, although one must be thankful that civilisation is not complicated by many such embarrassing cases. Mr. Arnold Bennett has one of his neat little sketches, "Watling Street," and Mr. Christopher Stone has a capital short story, "The Tutor." The article by Vernon Lee is not particularly to our mind; it is a hopeless and unprofitable task to analyse the work of an artist such as Thomas Hardy and to discover the proportion of nouns to adjectives or verbs, &c., *ad nauseam*. It seems the least permissible form of "literary" criticism, this; not in such a manner is the magic secret of style to be betrayed. Other fine essays, stories, and some moderate poetry assist in making this number of the *English Review* a budget of good things.

The most important article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for August, which reaches us rather late, is by Sir William H. White, K.C.B., entitled "The United States Navy." Avoiding any undue controversy, the author discusses and compares, with the accuracy and insight of comprehensive

knowledge, the navies of the United States, Japan, and Germany. Sir William White, treating of warlike themes, throws his influence strongly on the side of peace, and advisedly refrains from any comparisons of the naval strength of the two great English-speaking peoples, since he regards the question of war between them as "lying beyond the region of probability." "Their supreme interest," he writes, "is centred in the maintenance of the peace of the world."

By united action it lies in their power to ensure the continuance of peace to an extent which is possible to no other combination of Powers, and they wish to obtain that desirable result without injury to the interests of other nations. In these circumstances it appears to be not only undesirable but useless to make comparisons of their naval strength.

Another excellent point is made when Sir William emphasises the need for practical men at the head of affairs. "It must be recognised that programmes of ship-building, the provision of naval bases, methods of training seamen, strategical plans, and all other matters incidental to preparation for war, cannot possibly be dealt with satisfactorily by politicians, Parliamentary bodies, or congressional committees." The nation must be guided by trained experts, who, however, must not be allowed to take sole charge—"they should be treated as trusted advisers on, not as full masters of, the situation." The whole article is full of sound sense, and is so free from technicalities that the ordinary reader can appreciate it thoroughly.

Mr. W. A. Smith strikes a decidedly new note in a capital article on "The Uses of the Comic Spirit in Religion," and a very interesting contribution deals with the New England of Louisa Alcott's stories. The fiction of this number and the lighter matter are well up to the *Atlantic Monthly's* usual high standard.

The illustrations to the September *Harper's Magazine* are calculated to make the casual reader purchase it at once; one of the two coloured pages, "On a Thames Backwater," is well worth framing. Miss May Sinclair concludes her study of "Miss Tarrant's Temperament"; Mr. Howard Pyle contributes a weird and rather gruesome tale entitled "The Dead Finger"; and one of the finest little stories we have read for some time is "The Turning-Point," by Alan Sullivan. The article on the River Thames is excellent, although one of its illustrations, "On a Thames Steamboat," idealises the average river steamer considerably; ladies in exquisite dresses and gentlemen in spotless flannels do not pose so exquisitely on many of the boats, we fear, nor does the man at the wheel look quite so intellectual. Many other articles and good stories complete a very fine issue.

In *The Hindustan Review* for July the place of honour is properly given to the Hon. Mr. Gokhale's article on "East and West in India," intended to be read at the late Universal Races Congress. Such a paper merits fuller consideration. It contains the views of the advanced reformers, who look forward to "representative Government on a democratic basis" for the political evolution of India. He admits that the progress must be slow. Meanwhile the requisites are, he considers, improved relations on an enduring basis between Europeans and Indians, a Government more national in spirit and sentiment, that England should send to India only her best, and that Englishmen in India should all have good manners. As a fact much political advance is being made and the pace cannot be unduly forced. It might be suggested that a preliminary requisite is an improvement in the standard of truth throughout India: nothing would bring the East and West closer together.

Mr. Saint Nihal Singh recounts the unpleasant reception he met with in the United States, and has some scathing

observations to offer in return. Some of the articles are severe reading, such as "The Philosophy of Life," "A Gold Currency for India," "India and Neo-Malthusianism," "Dualistic Asceticism," "Kalidasa, a Study." It is always desirable to know what the Mahomedans have to say of Islam and its politics. A Mahomedan barrister writes cleverly of "Islam and Socialism," though his co-religionists might not all accept his views. The notices and reviews of books are rather belated; in some cases the books have been published for months. "The Man in the Public Eye" is a biographical appreciation of Lord Crewe, neatly done and brief. In the "Topics of the Day" there are slips, and passages which might be criticised if space permitted. Altogether it is a creditable number; but the price is too high.

### TROUBLOUS LIVERPOOL

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FOR ten days or more during the strike some forty members of the Liverpool Bench were on duty almost without intermission. The call came to most of them when they were on holiday, but they promptly responded to the summons and hastened back to the city to do their duty, realising full well that in its discharge they might be face to face even with death itself. The periods of service were arranged by rota, and were supposed to be eight hours at a stretch, but circumstances sometimes greatly extended the hours of duty. The magistrates cheerfully roughed it with the soldiers and the police, resting as best they could on hard floors and benches, and sharing any modest refreshment that came to hand. Nobody asked or looked for special treatment, and the most dangerous duty was undertaken uncomplainingly.

Mr. R. J. Ward, J.P., one of the Liverpool Justices, gave an interview to a representative of the *Surrey Comet*. Mr. Ward said that very early in the morning of August 16th he received an urgent message asking him to proceed at once to Liverpool in view of the alarming state of affairs in that city; he arrived at 10.25 the same morning. At 1.30 he was sent on duty with the Staffordshire Regiment at St. George's Hall, and after spending four hours there he was detailed for the duty of swearing-in special constables, which lasted until 10.30. Only one hour's rest was allowed him, and from 11.30 p.m. to seven o'clock on the morning of August 17th he remained on duty with the troops, so that from the time he left home he was on the go continuously for nearly thirty hours. Each magistrate had to keep an accurate record of every duty performed, and carried with him a copy of the Riot Act for use in case of emergency.

Mr. Ward's narrative was as follows:—

A good deal of popular misapprehension exists with regard to the reading of the Riot Act by a magistrate. Many people suppose that it consists of a long document which takes a good deal of time to get through. As a matter of fact it can be read in one minute, as all that the magistrate is required to read is contained in the following proclamation:—

Our Sovereign Lord the King chargeth and commandeth all persons, being assembled, immediately to disperse themselves and peacefully depart to their habitations or to their lawful business, upon the pains contained in the Act

made in the first year of King George the First for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the King.

In the instructions issued to the Liverpool magistrates it was stated that when a magistrate arrived at the place where the troops were stationed—

"He will find that the troops will not act unless he is present with them and accompanies them. If more than one magistrate is present, one of the number must be selected to give the orders to the commander of the troops to act. The commander of the troops will consult with the magistrate and with the senior police officer present, and the commander will decide as to the disposition of the troops. The commander will, as far as possible, move the troops to any place to which he may be directed by the magistrate. The magistrate must accompany the troops and remain as near the commanding officer as possible. In the event of a disturbance amounting to a riot, it will be the duty of the magistrate in his discretion to read the proclamation under the Riot Act, and care must be taken that the exact words of the proclamation are followed. Before reading the proclamation the magistrate should cause silence to be called for, and, whether silence has been procured or not, should then read, or cause to be read, the proclamation in a loud voice, as near to the crowd as he can safely come.

"Having read the proclamation, the magistrate should also call upon all persons present to assist him in the suppression of the riot. He should also note and write down the exact time at which it is read, and if circumstances allow he should wait for one hour before giving such orders as he may think necessary to the officer commanding the troops. The waiting for one hour is very important if it is possible, as it makes the offence of being assembled together at the expiration of that time much more serious than it otherwise would be. But if it is not possible to wait for the hour, the magistrate must not hesitate to give such orders as he may think necessary to the commanding officer for the maintenance of order and peace. In the giving of such order the magistrate will naturally consult with the commanding officer and with the senior officer of police who is present. If time permits the magistrate should write down the terms of the order which he gives to the commanding officer. When the magistrate has issued his request to the commanding officer, it will remain with that officer to decide as to what steps he shall take to accomplish the desired end, and if the officer thinks that time is not ripe for acting upon the directions of the magistrate, such commanding officer has the discretion and the responsibility of such delay. The magistrate must remain with the troops at the place of disturbance until it is decided by him and the commanding officer that they can safely withdraw."

Mr. Ward said he was not called upon to read the Riot Act, but one of his colleagues had to do so no less than five times. Some very exciting experiences, however, fell to the lot of Mr. Ward. The most narrow escape he had from a terrible scene of bloodshed was on the occasion of the funeral of the man Sutcliffe, who was shot while attempting to unhorse the officer in command of the troops. Attempts were being made to hold up the trams at different points, and it was necessary to hurry up troops and police, who were conveyed in a couple of two-decker trams, a company of the 2nd Yorkshire occupying the top deck and the police the inside of the cars. Mr. Ward was the magistrate detailed to accompany the troops, and on their appearance the crowd hurriedly decamped. Then a most unfortunate incident occurred. In returning the cars met the funeral cortege of the man Sutcliffe. It was entirely accidental, for the hour of the procession and the route it was to take had been kept

secret. "Had I known," said Mr. Ward, "that it would pass this way at this hour I should certainly have advised the choice of another route." They could not go back. There was only one thing to do, and that was to halt and await the passing of the sad procession. Fierce resentment was shown at their presence, and the respectful compliment to the dead paid by the troops was wholly misunderstood.

As the cars stopped, the men responded sharply to the command of the officer, and stood at attention, thus saluting the dead. The magistrate bared his head and silently waited. Inside the police spontaneously stood up while the cavalcade walked by. "Look at your bloody work," shrieked a woman as she pointed at the coffin. "Yes, look at your bloody work," piped a little girl of some seven or eight years, whose father lifted her up to see the procession, imitating her mother and pointing at the hearse. "Murderers!" "Assassins!" "Butchers!" yelled the crowd in savage anger. "Wait till the Germans come here," shouted some one—a phrase that was taken up by a good many. "We haven't forgotten South Africa!" cried others. These are but a few of the milder expressions used by the angry mob, who now seemed to have forgotten the reason of the assembly. Foul and filthy epithets were flung with passionate hate at the soldiers and the police, who stood calmly at attention. For a while it looked as though there would be trouble. No one on the two cars stirred, fearful, with the knowledge of the deadly powers he possessed, lest any movement might still further excite an already frenzied mob. Slowly the *cortège* passed by, and, finding themselves being left behind, the crowd contented themselves with hurling fresh abuse at the occupants of the cars, and hurried after the hearse and carriages. "We continued our journey, thankful that no act of violence had been committed to mar what had thus far been a peaceful reconnaissance."

On one occasion, near St. Anne's Street, in the very centre of the strike area, Mr. Ward saw the mob seize a large lorry laden with huge cases of bacon and hams just imported by Liptons. The shafts were broken off the lorry, the cases were torn open, and large quantities of the meat carried away before the police could get near them. The sides of bacon were cut in half, and in many cases were stowed away in dustbins and cellars. In Scotland Road, another storm centre, he saw a brewer's dray raided and a large cask of beer rolled down a side street and broached. In a third case a load of imported mutton was intercepted, and the mob divided the spoil. A police convoy had been arranged for the meat, but as the latter was four hours late in arriving the police had retired.

Mr. Ward was on duty all night on five occasions, and only once did he get a share of the refreshments sent in. The state of things was so alarming that the troops slept in their accoutrements, and had their rifles with bayonets fixed alongside of them ready at a moment's call. Both officers and men were in excellent spirits, and bore the strain of duty with the utmost cheerfulness. The public sent a supply of periodicals, and came in and gave concerts to the soldiers, who were not allowed to leave the military stations except on duty. Mr. Ward said anybody who had not seen a Liverpool mob could form no conception of its insensate fury; there was no mob in the world equal to it for determination. At Trinity Church, St. Anne's-street, they actually tore down the churchyard fence, using the iron railings and the bricks as weapons to assail the police. Asked if the disturbances were the work of hooligans or strikers, Mr. Ward said they both took part in it. The carters on strike had armed themselves with the large iron pins with which the shafts were fastened on to the lorries. Plenty of the strikers were also found with their pockets filled with stones. A large stone just missed his

face on one occasion, but he came through the ten days without injury. Considerable difficulty was experienced in driving from place to place, as taxicab drivers were very loth to take the risks involved, and only did so on compulsion. "I don't want to risk my life," said a taxi-driver to Mr. Ward, who replied "My life is as dear to me as yours is to you, but I have a duty to perform and I require you in the King's name to drive me to my destination." "I shall charge double fare," said cabby. "You can have treble fare if you like," said Mr. Ward, "so long as you do your duty."

Questioned as to the action of the police, Mr. Ward said there was not a finer body in the world than the Liverpool police, whose forbearance was marvellous, but he thought it was a mistake that they were not permitted to take the offensive until the crowd got entirely out of hand. If they were given a little more latitude they would prevent a great deal of the mischief. There was a striking contrast in the action of the Birmingham police, who had evidently been trained to attack a mob before they got too unruly. Mr. Ward was an eye-witness of the occurrence which had figured so prominently in the papers, in which it was alleged that the Birmingham police provoked a riot, and he said there was not a word of truth in the allegation. The fact was that the mob had mistaken their men, and imagined that they could treat the Birmingham police with the same defiance as those of Liverpool, and as soon as they appeared the mob began stoning them. "But," said Mr. Ward, "the Birmingham men went for their assailants for all they were worth, and gave them such a pasting that they did not want to meet them a second time."

Mr. Ward spoke very highly of the services of the Liverpool special constables, who consisted largely of fine, athletic young fellows of the middle and upper classes, and did much to quell the disturbances. Whenever he could do so unobserved, he used to get into the crowd so as to learn what their sentiments were. On one of these occasions he heard a hooligan remark to his mate, "I care nowt about our bobbies, but what I don't like is them there specials as 'its afore they're 'it." The closing of the public-houses also contributed much towards the preservation of order, and very few cases of drunkenness arose during the strike troubles. The policy of the magistrates was throughout, said Mr. Ward, to avoid infuriating the mob and yet to keep a firm hand upon them, and but for the strong action taken the whole city would have been wrecked.

## WHAT IS LIBEL?

BY A NOVELIST

THE query which stands at the head of this paper should perhaps be qualified as "libel in a novel," for it is the unlucky novelist who, going gaily on his way, finds himself—too late—surrounded by mysterious pitfalls, which to avoid passes the wit of man. Once, in my innocence, anxious to be clear on the matter, I tried to discover how the law stood, to be faced with such an array of precedents, of judgments over-ridden by other judgments, of opinions and counter-opinions, all enunciated with a weight of finality, now on this side, now on that, that I withdrew discomfited, bearing away only a befogged idea that the law did not know its own mind. It would appear that any chance resemblance to a living person, albeit only in position and surroundings, any accidental use of a name, however common—at least of Christian and surname in juxtaposition—most of all a too faithful picture of a locality, may constitute grounds for an action at law—nay, even for a conviction.

Not long ago a case was reported in the newspapers in which a suit was brought by a man who found his own name

bestowed on one of the less admirable characters in a certain story. The author's defence was that she did not know the man, had never heard the name in connection with him—"it came to her," as she said, and might have been unconsciously recollected from some newspaper paragraph or obituary notice, and the two names going swimmingly together had lurked in some corner of her brain. Of intention on her part there was no trace, of injury to the aggrieved party no proof, yet the case went against her and she was mulcted in heavy damages.

Is it not time that some authoritative definition should be arrived at to save imaginative writers from sinning in ignorance and affronting the terrors of the law? As to the minor risk of incurring vexatious accusations of "showing up" not their friends merely, but persons they have never even heard of, that will have to be reckoned with by those who enjoy the dangerous gift of visualising scenes, and creating characters that come home to our common human nature. In the present vague condition of things the student of life pursues his task, making notes here, there and everywhere, clear of all evil intent, bent only on seeing distinctly in his mind's eye, and making the reader see the scenes that pass so vividly before his inward vision. If such an one fails, he fails, to sink into a safe if inglorious obscurity; if he succeeds, to find he has stirred up a hornet's nest, at least if he has not brought himself within reach of the long arm of the law.

The scene of his tale is recognised—it is far safer, let me remark, to create places, as the painter did the dromedary he had never seen, "out of your own inner consciousness," though even then you are hardly safe; some one is sure to claim to have been born there. Having established the identity of the place, somebody forthwith recognises—or imagines he does—some local celebrity, and thereupon the whole reading neighbourhood is busy with the fascinating game of fitting caps to each other's heads, till presently one, not quite flattered with the particular headgear assigned him, gets up a grievance, confides it to the ear of his lawyer and, presto! a suit is entered; for the astute man of law smells money in it, knowing full well that whoever loses he stands to win, since costs must come out of somebody's pocket.

Truly if a mere proved resemblance—proved, that is, by the fancied recognition of a certain number of readers, whatever that may be worth—is held to constitute libel, then are we novelists all in a parlous state, and owe whatever immunity we may enjoy to the sluggish reluctance of the average mortal to take up arms in what may prove an expensive quarrel, even if he establish his cause. Anyhow, the menace is always there, and not to be evaded by an absolutely rigid abstention from making copy of friend or foe, as the most purely imaginative creation is quite as likely to be recognised and sworn to as a faithful transcript from life.

It once happened to a novelist well known to the present writer to pourtray with some measure of success a certain locality with unique features, in themselves forming the substance of the plot. Though very familiar with the region, he was a total stranger to the inhabitants of the little town adjacent, and great was his astonishment, on receiving a local paper containing a review of his book, to read: "Every character, except the painter, can be easily identified by one who knows the town." It happened that the painter was the only character in any degree studied from life, though, to be sure, he, or rather his prototype, belonged to a distant part of the country, and was not a painter at all.

A similar experience befell another writer of my acquaintance, whose too lifelike pen was held to have "taken off" some local magnate whom he had never seen in the

flesh. "His very house," cried the indignant reviewer, "is accurately described!" On investigation it proved that the supposed victim dwelt in a grey stone house of a somewhat florid type standing flush with the pavement in the main street, while the offending character had built himself a house out of the town "between the sloping fields and the bay," a house described as "red—loudly, obtrusively red." An ornate style of decoration was the sole feature the real and imaginary houses had in common. This puts me in mind of an experience of my own when I was held to have "accurately described" a house I never saw on the strength of there being a door at the top of the basement staircase—a feature, I imagine, common to a good many houses of its type.

If traces of resemblance, whether accidental or designed, in places, surroundings, or characteristics, are to be held actionable, then is novel-writing indeed a perilous pastime. How readily people will pounce upon identities, given some one feature of resemblance, was amusingly related by that clever writer the author of "The Danvers Jewels," whose characters are pre-eminently life-like and convincing, in a more recent book, "The Lowest Rung." So determined were her friends to fit caps to heads in her own neighbourhood that they attacked her with—"Oh, we all knew directly that the Vicar's wife was Mrs. Blank—and we all said it was not in the least like her!" I remember reading the report of a case in which counsel proved a libel because a character was like the plaintiff, and so his neighbours thought it was intended for him, and also proved that it was a libel because it was *not* like him, and so he was not pleased. I think it was in the same case that the claim for damages was based not on an injurious portraiture, for the character was one of the best in the book, but merely because he was made to play second fiddle to the hero.

It is a truism to say that law and equity are by no means synonymous; the average lay mind could easily evolve a just law on the subject; but how get it placed on the Statute-book? To such simple conceptions of justice as we all share, unless we have had a legal education, it seems obvious that two things, or at least one or other of them, should be required as the foundation of a suit—namely, malicious intent, or proved injury to pocket or reputation. I remember a case many years ago in which the condition was fulfilled, and both things not only proved but acknowledged. The tale was used as a method of taking vengeance for an injury; the victim's character and work were shown up with relentless bitterness, and as the latter played a part in some philanthropic scheme the injury might have been serious: the law stepped in and promptly and justly quashed the book. One is by no means concerned to defend such abuse of the novelist's powers, but surely that a real person be identified with some wholly innocuous character in a story is hardly sufficient justification for haling the author before a jury. The resemblance may be more than half fancied and wholly accidental, but people go about saying "Have you read such and such? Why, So-and-so is old Blank to the life." Blank is a little annoyed, especially if So-and-so be rather funny; but to make his vexation ground for a suit for damages is a law fit for the country through the looking-glass. If, as I fear, it is hopeless to get the law either amended or defined, we must needs start an Insurance Company against possible damages and costs.

It is rather singular that certain novelists, and those by no means of the most satirical, seem always liable to incur the charge of showing up their acquaintances, while others, whose wit is far more mordant, escape scot free. Considering the matter, I perceived that novelists may be roughly divided into two classes—those who visualise and those who form intellectual conceptions of scenes and characters—though, of course, they shade off into each other

and many may be difficult to classify. The two greatest novelists of our own day are sharply divided—Thomas Hardy is the protagonist of those who see; George Meredith of those who think out their theme. It may be the masculine and feminine form of the faculty of imagination; it will be seen, I think, that the greater number of women writers belong to the school of Hardy, and of men to that of Meredith; yet are there notable exceptions. Lucas Malet may be counted pre-eminently as one who sees and makes her readers see her conceptions; on the other hand, John Oliver Hobbes must be reckoned amongst the intellectuals, though certain scenes in *The School for Saints* it is true rise in the mind's eye and claim for her the possession of the inward vision.

There is a curious experience known to those who create imaginary scenes which seems almost to indicate the possession of some faculty akin to second-sight, of recognising later places they had invented and had certainly never seen with bodily eyes. This is an awkward gift if it comes to a question of libel, and a writer may be proved to have had an intimate knowledge of houses, of rooms, of interiors in localities where he has never set foot. I remember a very odd incident of the kind; I had placed an imaginary house in a real spot where there was indeed a house, but one which I had never beheld, since it was enclosed on the side of the beach, from which alone I had approached it, with a wall too high to look over. Great was my surprise when two old ladies, sisters, whom I met in another part of the country, expressed astonishment at my familiarity with their old home. "Your description was exact," said they, "to the very green stains where the plaster had fallen off by the front door, for we saw it not long ago, and noticed how neglected it was." They refused to believe me when I told them I had never seen it. The next time I was in the neighbourhood I made a special expedition by the road which passed the front, which I had never hitherto traversed, and found it exactly as my fancy had painted it, the position of the windows, the damp stains, the mossgrown drive.

This is by no means an isolated case; such things happen again and again, far too often to be mere coincidence; I mention this one because a little personal experience lights up odd corners, and may not improbably draw forth similar incidents from other writers who have found the same thing. The material of our craft is life itself, no less, and the better we succeed in hitting it off, the greater the risk that the shaft goes home to some one. The ethic of the matter would seem to be that injury, though unintentional, should be made good, malice should be punished; but where there is neither injury nor malice, that we hold the mirror up to Nature and some one recognises his own face in it, should not be an indictable offence.

[We invite comment—legal and otherwise.—Editor THE ACADEMY.]

## FOREIGN REVIEWS

### "DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU"

THE principal feature of the August number is a selection from the letters and manuscripts of the Empress Augusta, dealing with the political situation in Germany from 1847 to 1850. The documents are of enormous value and interest, both as illustrating the views of those in authority during a period of stress and anxiety when great events were shaping themselves, and as giving an insight into a noble, womanly, and princely mind. The period was marked by Prussia's first bid for German hegemony, and by a current of agitation for internal reform. Prince, afterwards King

and Emperor, William, husband of the Empress, was considered as the head of the reactionary party, and had at one time to flee to England. The Empress was, as he told her himself, "*der progressiven Richtung zugetan*;" but that did not prevent the most cordial interchange of views between them. The Prussian effort broke down, partly through internal dissensions, partly through Austrian bluff. The Empress's comments on this momentous failure supply an object-lesson in true patriotism.

Herr Dickhuth finishes his comparison of Napoleon and Frederick the Great with an account of the preliminary campaign of 1796 against the Austrians and Piedmontese, and concludes a little obviously that if the Great Frederick had been alive in 1805, Prussia would never have got to Jena. Herr Dickhuth is amusing on the "*Rokoko-Kriegführung*" of the Austrian commander. There is a historical account of the London police by Claud W. Mullins, a rationalistic-apologetic account of the Old Testament earthquakes and the Flood by Herr B. Mendelsohn, and a discussion, by Herr von der Leyen, of Ibsen's posthumous works, with a view to giving a complete survey of the dramatist's development. "*Lotte von Brobergen*" is a series of love-letters belonging to the period of "*Werther*." We were very much struck by the story, "*Die Erscheinung*," by Anselma Heine.

### "LA GRANDE REVUE"

The number for July 25th contains M. Ferrand's final article on Naval Reform. He considers that the task of restoring France's naval prestige would be a comparatively light one, needing "neither the power of a Bonaparte nor the long patience of a Bismarck." The first thing to do is to liquidate the present organisation, and to put the business part of naval administration on a business footing. Such services as commissariat, construction, and navigation are to be carefully separated, and respect is to be paid to local interests. M. Dumont-Wilden, in a very interesting article, traces the social status of painters through the eighteenth century and their own view of their art. At first simple *fournisseurs*, they ended by claiming to be the "high priests of beauty." M. de Mestral Combremont begins a series of articles on Madame Louise Colet, "*une déesse des romantiques*." The first article, introducing us to this unhumorous lady, with her great personal attractions and strong passions, her rather second-rate talent and her unbounded self-confidence, is full of graceful irony, and makes us look forward to its successors. The "*Pages Libres*" contain an extraordinary paper by Dr. Adrien Guéhard, in which he exposes a diabolical conspiracy on the part of the Roman Catholic Church to monopolise the sources of archaeology; it is amusing, if not quite convincing. M. Edgar-Louis Müller has an article on Politics and Economics in England, and informs his countrymen that there is a line of political cleavage between North and South. In "*A Travers la Quinzaine*," M. Maxime Leroy discusses a proposed Self-denying Ordinance, forbidding deputies to sit twice, and M. Gaston Doumergue, formerly Minister of Education, writes on the politics of the moment in France.

### "LE MERCURE DE FRANCE"

In the number for August 1st Anne-Mare and Charles Lalo have a very just and entertaining article on the "inaptitude of contemporary novelists to observe questions of money." They trace this inaccuracy, which consists in making people live in impossible comfort on an inadequate income, or in practical distress on a sufficient one, to three causes—the exigences of argument, *snobisme*, and faulty observation. Zola is severely handled on the first count, and M. Bourget on the second. We wonder what the investigators would have said about Ouida. M. Gilbert de

Voisins writes charmingly in "Neuf Images de Chine." M. L. Maeterlinck has a curious and discursive account of "Péchés Primitifs."

For August 15th, M. Henri Monod shows that Mérimée's letters to Panizzi have been "edited" almost out of their identity. To give one instance, a passage in a letter in which the novelist speaks of Bismarck as a madman is completely suppressed. M. Paul-Louis Hervier narrates the love-affairs of Charles Dickens. M. Edmond Beaurepaire discusses the sites and arrangements of the theatres and arenas of Paris in Gallo-Roman times. Two pages of Arthur Rimbaud's prose are given to the world for the first time. The sketches called "L'Épopée au Faubourg," by M. Alfred Machard, are particularly spirited. In the "Revue de la Quinzaine" we may note a summing-up of the *Spectator* and *English Review* controversy by M. H.-D. Davray.

#### "LA REVUE"

In the first August number a conclusion is made of Marie Bashkirtseff's diary. Dr. Alfred Gottschalk tells us of certain people, chiefly in Denmark, who have brought down their food-bill to 33 centimes or less per diem, and yet manage to keep up their vigour. He guards wisely against hasty deductions from these experiments. M. Louis Holtz gives a gloomy picture of the French possessions in India, especially criticising the injudicious application of European democratic methods to Orientals. He suggests that these colonies should be transferred to England. M. Faguet reviews "L'Âge dangereux." M. Arthur Chuquet begins an account of the experiences of a certain Dr. Meyer, of Hamburg, who went to Paris in 1796, and examined everything curiously; the article is concluded in the next number. The first two instalments of "Le Mandarin" by the Portuguese writer, Eça de Queiroz, are to be found in these same two numbers, with an introduction by M. Claude Frazac, who esteems the author "unique et sans pareil," though with a touch of Zola in him.

Other contributions to the number for August 15th are some translations of Lafcadio Hearn, translated from the English by Marc Logé; an account of an asylum for abnormals at Imola, by Professor Lombroso, who is full of enthusiasm for the splendid service of the Principal, Mlle. Francia. But perhaps the two most interesting articles in this excellent number, considering the vogue of foreign politics, are those by "XXX"—"La France et l'Allemagne," and by M. A. de Pourville—"Lettres d'Asie." The latter is very pessimistic about French Indo-China, and the former, as if he could read his fellow-contributor's thoughts, suggests that the Moroccan difficulty might be solved by the cession of these regions to Germany. "XXX," as usual, speaks with authority, but he appears to ignore the position of certain other nations—Great Britain, for instance—in the event of his bold and generous schemes coming up for practical discussion.

#### "LA REVUE BLEUE"

The number for July 29th contains some letters of Littré's old age, edited by M. Paul Bonnefon; they give a new and less austere view of the great lexicographer and positivist. There is a short article on the "Écoles Hôtelières" of Switzerland that contains suggestions for British enterprise and reform. That excellent and upsetting writer, M. Paul Gaultier, has a short synopsis of recent philosophy. M. Serge Evans tells the story of the simple-minded and chivalrous botanist, Louis Bosc, the loyal friend of Mme. Roland. M. D. Menant begins and continues in two more numbers the story of Bassein, a decayed relic of the Portuguese Empire in India. His description of former methods of proselytising reminds us of Browning's "Holy Cross Day."

For August 5th (as also the 12th) we have letters of Ledru-Rollin. Fresh surprises! The ardent democrat

hardly pierces at all. M. Paul Louis writes on State Socialism in Ancient Rome. M. G. Miraben gives two little Japanese stories. M. Louis Villat is very illuminating on the Corsican character and the Corsican climate. M. Lucien Maury discusses a study by M. Yovanovitch of a celebrated literary imposture, "la Guzla" of Mérimée; he compares it with a similar work of Nodier.

For August 12th M. Charles Lalo begins a comparison of Taine and Zola, and undertakes that subtle task, the distinction of naturalism from realism. M. Maurice Lair, in dealing with the new constitution of Alsace-Lorraine, justifies the new phase upon which the patriotism of those regions has entered. M. Witold Lovatelli tells the story of the Abbey of Grottaferrata. M. Jacques Lux speaks of the Thackeray centenary, and gives *résumés* of articles in the *Fortnightly*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Nation*, where the great Victorian is judged.

M. Lux has another English subject for August 19th—Disraeli's youth and *début*. M. de Bonnefon edits some letters of 1815, written from Germany by the Marquis de Custine. M. Gaston Loth gives a short survey of Tunisian history, and, in contrast to other more pessimistic French writers on Colonial affairs, who appear to advocate the policy of "cutting the painter," concludes very much in favour of the French administration. M. Maury genially banters M. Clemenceau, whose book on the South American Republics has just appeared.

#### "LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE"

In the number for July 29th "L'Italie Contemporaine" of M. Henri Joly is very favourably reviewed. For August 5th there is a notice of Dr. Hedgecock's "Garriick," which has already been criticised in THE ACADEMY. Vol. XII. of the "Cambridge Modern History" is noticed, and the whole work receives very high praise. "My" deals with M. Legrand's work on the "new" Greek comedy, and makes some judicious remarks of very general application on the too-ready recognition of filiation or borrowing. The number for August 12th is largely devoted to books on Phonetics. Two English works on other subjects receive the highest commendation—The Clarendon Press "Cicero's Orations," edited by Mr. Albert Clark, of Queen's, and Mr. Ashburner's "Lex Rhodia," published under the same auspices. M. Loisy occupies a good deal of space in the August 19th number. M. Feuillerat's work on Lyly is accepted by M. Bastide as definitive. For August 26th M. Meillet freely criticises the second volume of Brugmann and Delbrück's great work on the comparative grammar of the Indo-Germanic languages, while M. Hugo Koch's work on the relation of St. Cyprian to the Papacy is also reviewed. "R." treats Carlyle with small respect, while noticing a translation of his "Cromwell." In speaking of M. Boutet de Monvel's "Les Anglais à Paris," M. Baldensperger defends Thackeray against the charge of puritanical aloofness.

### THE HERO

THERE have been many voices heard in definition of the hero. Hero-worship has been acclaimed in a thunder of eloquence; and it, or what is at the base of it, has been made the chief corner-stone of a philosophical edifice. Carlyle has declared the historical aspect of it by saying that "Universal History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the Great Men who have worked here;" and, having declared so much, has forthwith made it his touchstone of discovery among the sons of men. History, and Politics, which essay

to be the making of History, resolved themselves for him into the question as to where lay the hero who might sway the destinies of his fellows one way or another. Moralities, for him, well-nigh shaped themselves in people great and small. Nietzsche, a somewhat different soul, reared a philosophy in which the world ranged itself out similarly into great and small, strong and weak, Hero and Non-hero; and in it he, all unwittingly, gave logical expression to a system of politics of which it was the only possible goal.

In all these the hero had been an active force in human affairs. Indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a hero whose activity could be expressed in any other terms than the mundane. To do so would seem to be like cracking a paradox for the display of lawless beholders; and yet there remains the enunciation of a hero the chief perplexity of which is just this, that the hero is not concerned with this earth at all, but with another and distant sphere of activity. With the virtue of Beethoven the musical enthusiast may deal; and it must fall to the same authority to apportion the respective excellences of the various symphonies that sang themselves out of his brain: a mighty series, that fronts Time beside Shakespeare's tragic sequence and Michaelangelo's decorations for the Sistine Chapel, as the supremest energies of the human mind. Yet even a layman may be permitted to see visions and to dream dreams; and it was to such minds as these that the Third Symphony—the "Symphonie Eroica"—was addressed.

And how does this dream translate itself as the harmonies that convey it pass into the air? That there should be no doubt as to the initial mood that is to be awakened, two swift, eager chords break like percussions on the ear; and as they brace the mind to their vigour a large melody rises powerfully up from the depths. Evidently, whatever energy the hero is to be possessed of, it is not to be an energy conceived of irritation, but framed in a mighty repose, even though a more rapid energy is already expressing itself nearer the surface of emotion. Up in rushing tides from the depths of things comes the strength of repose translating itself into the energy of action, so to pass on the melodies it began with to the more eager musics that have hitherto stirred the surface of the waters: and the hero is heard rising up to put his strength into activity. Hereafter combat and conflict are in the air; exultant joy and fierce desire, mighty laughter and furious challenges rend the ear. And lest we should imagine all this to be but the chance fury of a weak soul, it is repeated again in identical terms before more sober reflections take their place. But sober reflections, though most necessary to the hero, are not in themselves the heroic quality of him; and, therefore, through the reflections philosophies play and interplay, and strange rogueries flit and flash, till at last they all flame up again into titanic energies. Again philosophic reflections rule the mind; and again tenderness lights along the surface; and again mighty strength compels its own supremacy: till the whole man stands revealed to us compact of all things, but distinguished chiefly by strength, might, and power. In truth, the power is seen as power indeed, inasmuch as it is based in the depths of emotion, and embraces a great width and variety. The hero is revealed foremostly as a man of splendid stature, yet with that stature no slender uprush to the heavens, but broad-based on the grossness of which it was the pure refinement.

Such a man, it would be thought, was fit for all things. The whole earth, surely, awaits him, that he should achieve on it the magnificent destiny for which he is so clearly fitted. The first movement was, as might have been assumed, an *Allegro con brio*. Will not the next be a *Molto vivace*, to be followed by a *Presto*, and concluded in triumph by an *Allegro maestoso*? One would imagine so. Instead of

which the next movement is a *Marcia funèbre*! All this splendid strength and power and versatility swiftly and ruthlessly is cut off from the land of the living, and with the first note of the second movement we are called in to attend at the obsequies of the hero. It certainly seems a sufficiently perplexed enough matter to engage doubt and challenging question; but that there is no doubt about it is very evident, for the earnest beat of the funeral march soon succeeds to a bitter wail. In the first was heard a certain ruthless tread that bade us know that the death was irrevocable, however untimely. In the latter is heard the human sorrow in loud lament. The first may stir revolt; in the second there is neither room nor opportunity for revolt. And then the sorrow spends itself as it dies down into the minor.

Truly it is perplexed. Nevertheless, as the funeral march closes there is heard something very like passion, and we have brought to our memory the fact that the beat of the funeral tones was heard in the philosophy of the hero when first he engaged our attention. So as the third movement opens there is in our minds a strain of eagerness to see what shall transpire. At first it is even more perplexing than the opening of the previous movement. Succeeding to the ruthless step and wailing sorrow of the strange celebration of death there comes the lightness of a *Scherzo*. This seeming gaiety after the earlier lament puzzles the wit, until at length the commingling of ravelled melodies transmutes the delicacy to a wizard aspiration of soul. No strain is developed, but there is infinite aspiration everywhere.

Then the meaning of the *Marcia funèbre* is discovered. The *Scherzo* has taken its own significance, and unravelled the purpose of all that erstwhile had seemed so perplexed. For we are witnessing the upward flight of resurrection. The very completeness of the hero, his very height, his splendour, his wisdom and gaiety, was the enunciation of the fact that he was meet for his destiny, that destiny being reserved far otherwhere than on this terrestrial globe. It was no mundane hero that was in consideration, but a man who claimed his heroism in spiritual power and beauty, which is to say that he was replete and furnished for a court, the portal to which was the grave. And in the joy and delicate radiance of the *Scherzo* he is to be discovered joining his great companions in a bright and upward flight.

Thus the concluding movement is of necessity a *Finale*. It opens with a rush of wings, to which, after a few eager chords that gather all things together, there succeeds, first in a grave *staccato*, and then in more complex bewilderment, the measures of an elaborate dance. It is no more struggle, combat, conflict and stress. These things, however exultantly they may have been engaged in, were not the end of things: they were the things that proved and fitted the soul of the hero. By them he was tested, and by them he rose. The goal at the end of all was not conflict, but joy, though it was by the conflict he was enabled to claim the joy in the splendour of soul he had achieved thereby. And now the hero is transported thither where joy is the natural function and aptitude of the soul. The hero is in the hall of his equals. Yet since the hero must needs ever aspire, even this cannot be the note of conclusion. To the dance, the symbol and symptom of joy, there succeeds a large *Andante*, full of power, full of aspiration, full of eagerness. There are further heights that must yet be reached; there must never be completion, since completion is a fashion of failure. But there is no hesitancy in this; progress upward is his of right as the proven hero.

Yet what an irony that such a conception first bore inscription the name of Napoleon, for all that it was erased thereafter!

DARRELL FIGGIS,

## IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

## THE CABINET CRISIS IN JAPAN

THE resignation of the Katsura Cabinet affords a striking illustration of the extraordinary methods resorted to in Japan whenever it becomes necessary to steer the ship of State through more than ordinarily troubled waters. Of the crisis itself I shall have something to say at a later stage in this article. For the present it should be interesting, and perhaps instructive, to recall some of the salient features in the brief but eventful life of Constitutional Government in that country. The history of political parties in Japan goes back as far as 1874, when three leading statesmen—Soyejima, Goto, and Itagaki—began to agitate for the granting of a Constitution. Their views were regarded as revolutionary in an age which had just emerged from feudalism; but their cause appealed to those classes of the community who, having been recently delivered from the bondage of serfdom, longed for a form of liberty that would carry with it some share in Representative Government. The three statesmen who led the movement, and their supporters, became known as Liberals. In 1882 another body, whose programme was almost identical with that of the Liberals, was organised by Count Okuma, and this formed the nucleus of the now defunct Progressive party. Thus the two parties were opposed not so much on grounds of policy as by reason of personal rivalries. At the time of their inauguration there was only one object to be attained—the granting of the Constitution. When, on November 29th, 1890, at the expiration of the probationary period stipulated in the Emperor's famous Rescript, the Diet came into existence, the Liberals and the Progressives were still the only two political parties in the country. Had they chosen to unite, it is not inconceivable that, as far as Japanese politics are concerned, destiny itself would have been affected. With the whole Chamber in constant conflict with the Administration at the very outset of the establishment of Representative Government, it is probable that not even repeated dissolutions would have prevented a drastic amendment of the Constitution.

The Ministers of State, while recognising that Representative Government in the true sense of the term was sooner or later inevitable, looked with marked disfavour upon the advent of party politicians in the Legislature. They held that the Cabinet should consist of non-party statesmen, and that as it was alone responsible to the Emperor, the defeat of the Government in the House of Representatives should not necessarily involve resignation. From the earliest days the views of the Ministers were diametrically opposed to those of the party politicians, and there were frequent collisions between the Government and the Diet. Time after time, in order to enforce their will, the Government persuaded the Emperor to dissolve Parliament. Writing in the *Contemporary Review* at about this period, an anonymous contributor declared that:—

In the beginning of July of last year Japan presented the spectacle of a house completely divided against itself. Some of the best friends of the country, and some of the most intelligent amongst her citizens—men, too, who had welcomed the advent of representative institutions with enthusiasm—were anxiously and moodily discussing the advisability of the suspension of the Constitution and a reversion to the time-honoured régime of despotism, tempered by assassination, to which the nation had been so long accustomed.

The struggle between the constitutional power and the representative element grew in force. So determined,

indeed, was the opposition of the party politicians that in a brief period of eight years no less than five Extraordinary General Elections took place. But a change was at hand. In September of 1900 Prince Ito, realising the inevitable, came to the conclusion that the time had arrived when he could assume the rôle of a party leader. Instead of seeking an alliance with one or other of the organisations then in existence, he promptly proceeded to form his own party, under the title of the Seiyu-kai, or Political Association, now commonly known as the Unionists. As soon as he frankly entered the domain of party politics men of prominence in the land, appreciating the value of his enormous influence to the cause which they had at heart, made haste to rally round him. The Seiyu-kai commanded a majority in the House of Representatives, and it was not long before they made the position of the Ministry, under the premiership of Marshal Prince Yamagata, untenable. Ito was called upon to form the new Cabinet, and for the first time in the nation's history representatives of a political party were honoured with Ministerial rank. The experiment proved anything but a success, for not only were there repeated collisions with the Upper House, whose attitude towards the party politicians was bitterly hostile, but the Cabinet itself was unable to agree upon fundamental questions of policy. After being in office for only seven months Ito tendered his resignation.

With the passing of the Ito Administration it may be said that there came to be recognised as a factor of supreme importance in the affairs of the State a small group of men, who henceforth were to be known to the world as the Genro, or Elder Statesmen. By the Japanese the term is also made to apply in an historic and more comprehensive sense in that it embraces the names of those pioneers of modern statecraft, both dead and living, who guided the destinies of Japan during the early period of her transition. Not all of those who enjoy to-day the title of Elder Statesman can claim to have any influence in the Councils of the Empire; and at the time of which I am writing—the Ministerial crisis of 1901—there were but four men whose wisdom, experience, and administrative ability gave them an unchallenged authority to proffer advice alike to the Throne and to the Cabinet of the day. These four were Ito, Inouye, Matsukata, and Yamagata. Of the four, the late Prince Ito was undoubtedly the greatest. He was pre-eminently a constructive statesman and a diplomatist of the first rank. Not only had he initiated historic changes, but he had proved himself adaptable to the changing times.

When, in 1901, the Ito Ministry resigned, none of the Elder Statesmen would take upon himself the task of forming a new Government, and a younger man, the then Viscount Katsura, stepped into the breach. But the Emperor, who in the troubled days that preceded and followed the granting of constitutional government had depended for advice upon the Elder Statesmen, was not willing that their services should be even temporarily dispensed with. While he recognised that the active duties of administration called for the energies of younger men, he placed at its true value the experience of former Ministers who had been largely responsible for bringing about the national transition. He was not slow to realise that their retention in high advisory capacities would lead the country along lines of progress that were consistent with the lessons of the past, and would act as a brake upon any excess of zeal that might be displayed by statesmen new to office. In other words, he sought to combine in his councils the experience of age with the energy of comparative youth.

Governing on strictly non-party lines, Viscount Katsura, whose knowledge of modern statecraft had been acquired in the politico-military schools of Germany, succeeded in retaining office until the closing days of the year 1905. But

the longevity of his leadership was not due to any remarkable exercise of administrative ability. Throughout the whole course of the negotiations which preceded the outbreak of war with Russia, and so long as the campaign lasted, there was a tacit agreement among all parties to sink their differences, and to give whole-hearted support to the Ministry. In this respect it may well be said that Japan set a splendid example to the world. Her people were deserving of all the more credit for their patriotism inasmuch as the Cabinet, which on two occasions had advised the Emperor to dissolve peremptorily the national Assembly was not in any sense of the term a popular one. They were content to be governed by a body of men whom they regarded as essentially bureaucrats rather than show any signs of internal dissension in the face of a foreign foe. But this admirable stoicism on the part of her people disappeared as in a moment when it became known that the Treaty of Portsmouth provided not a penny in the form of the oft-promised and long-expected indemnity which was to relieve the nation of the burdensome war-taxes. The country clamoured for the resignation of Katsura and his colleagues, and the Government meekly complied with its demands. To the Emperor the retiring Premier recommended the Marquess Saionji, of the noble house which claimed direct descent from the Kamatari Fujiwara, as his successor. "Contrary to the proverbial estimate of scions of nobility in Japan (and elsewhere)," wrote a Japanese writer in a panegyric on the new Chief of the Administration, "he showed, when young, a high degree of precocity, and at an early age he came into favour with the late Prince Iwakura, then the loyal leader of the extreme Imperialist party at the Kyoto Court." Truly remarkable was the contrast between the comparatively plebeian origin, the stern training, the rigid life, and the paradoxical conservatism of his predecessor and the aristocratic descent, the courtly surroundings, and the equally paradoxical Republicanism of the Marquess.

As Chief of the Staff of the Imperialist Army Saionji had taken a prominent part in subduing the supporters of the Tokugawa Shogunate in 1867. Subsequently his leaders, recognising his ability, persuaded him to proceed to France for the purposes of study. He remained in that country for ten years, and while there allowed himself to come under the influence of the teachings of the Republican school. Consequently, from a stern Imperialist, he became an ultra-Radical. On his return to Japan he founded a newspaper called the *Toyo Jiyu Shimbum*, and devoted himself to propagating the principles of liberty and democracy. From the point of view of popular appreciation the journal was a conspicuous success. The conduct of the Marquess, however, was made the subject of earnest discussion among the nobles, and Prince Iwakura, whose protégé he had been in the days of his militant Imperialism, prevailed upon his elder brother, the Marquess Tokudaiji, to advise him not only to abandon the publication of his journal, but also to change his views. The Marquess Saionji, however, firmly rejected the proffered counsel, whereupon the Emperor issued an Imperial Ordinance commanding his retirement from Radical journalism. Apparently the Republicanism of the Marquess was not sufficiently sturdy to withstand pressure from so high a quarter, and, as he was not prepared to become a rebel in defence of his principles, he displayed a timely inconsistency and submitted with a gentleness that was only to be expected from one of such noble birth.

The Saionji Ministry remained in office until July, 1908. It had inherited an impoverished exchequer, an ambitious Imperial policy, and a largely inflated National Debt. In view of these distressing circumstances, and having regard to the temper of the nation, it must be conceded that the Marquess and his colleagues showed a commendable

patriotism when they consented to assume the reins of Government. It is a pity that their reputation should have been sullied by their subsequent achievements. No sooner had they come into power than they proposed an ambitious programme of armaments for which it was utterly ridiculous to expect the country to pay. That they succeeded in remaining in office for so long a period can be attributed to only two circumstances—the large automatic majority forming the party-Premier's adherents, and the fact of the very natural reluctance of Katsura and his colleagues to take up a burden which they had so eagerly cast away. But all things come to an end. And the nation, discovering that it could hope for no remission of taxation under the policy pursued by the Marquess, cried aloud for his removal from office. Once more Katsura was called upon to take over the reins of government.

When the new Cabinet accepted office something approaching to a financial crisis threatened the country. Widespread depression existed throughout the industrial and commercial classes, and the national credit had almost disappeared from the markets of Europe and America. The Premier lost no time in announcing his programme of reform. He stated that, with the object of placing the finances of the country on a sound basis, the Government would adhere strictly to the practice of fixing all expenditure as against only reliably ascertained receipts, thus forsaking the former speculative policy of prearranging disbursements in anticipation of an increase in revenue; that they would abstain entirely from future recourse to loans; and that unissued loans provided for in previous budgets would be abandoned. Other measures also were to be taken with the object of improving the financial stability of the country. During the three years in which he has held office Prince Katsura has certainly managed to maintain Japan's credit in the markets of the world. But he has not succeeded in giving any relief to a heavily over-taxed population, nor can it be claimed that he has effected much in the direction of furthering the productive undertakings of the country. Japan requires, and must have, the assistance of foreign money if she is to avert disaster. And it is here that we must look for the cause of the present crisis. For it goes without saying that a reversion of the no-loan policy could not well have been executed by Prince Katsura himself.

If we are to place reliance upon the statements that have appeared in the responsible daily journals of this country, we must accept the explanation that the Marquess Saionji succeeded to the office vacated by Prince Katsura for the simple reason that the latter was unable to carry on the Government in face of the overwhelming opposition offered by the *Sei-yukai*. In other words we must believe that the compromise arrived at in the beginning of this year, when the warrior-Premier consented to sink his Conservative convictions and to come forward as an adherent of the strongest party in the State, has proved a failure. Such an explanation is plausible, but it will not satisfy those who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the actual conditions that have existed throughout the whole of the post-bellum period.

## MOTORING AND AVIATION

DURING the present season there has been an exceptionally large number of serious accidents arising from the bursting of motor tyres, and there is little doubt that in the majority of cases the carelessness of the motorist himself in the matter of maintaining correct inflation has been responsible. He is apt to overlook the fact that heat expands, and that in such tropical weather as we have been experiencing recently the expansion due entirely to the high temperature may be

so considerable as to impose a dangerous strain upon even the best-made tyre. It has been found by actual experience that the pressure in a back tyre may rise from 20 to 25 per cent. after an hour's running in very hot weather, and, needless to say, this represents such an increase over the pressure recommended by the tyre manufacturer as to involve considerable risk of accident. The only remedy is to make frequent use of the tyre-gauge and increase or reduce the pressure, as the case may be, when it is found to have varied materially from the maker's figures. But, however careful the motorist may be in seeing that his tyres are neither under nor over inflated, it is to be feared that the risk of accident from the bursting of tyres can never be completely eliminated until the satisfactory substitute for the air-tube has been found.

An Act has recently been carried through the Minnesota Legislature making it a misdemeanour to sell a motor-tyre unless the name of the manufacturer and the year in which the tyre was made are conspicuously and indelibly marked thereon. No doubt this drastic measure is the result of concerted action on the part of car owners, who have a quite natural desire to be safeguarded against the risk—not unknown on this side—of having foisted upon them, as new, tyres which, by reason of their age, are more or less stale, flat, and unprofitable. For it is well known that tyres, the rubber in which is necessarily only semi-vulcanised, are subject to continuous deterioration by the mere effluxion of time, and that a tyre which appears to have just left the hands of the maker may, if from any reason it has been kept in stock for any length of time, have lost much of its resilience and durability. Of course, the measure has aroused a storm of opposition in tyre trade circles, and strenuous efforts are being made to secure its repeal. Whilst, however, one can understand the objection of tyre dealers and middlemen to an Act which will prevent them from palming off stale tyres on buyers, the attitude of the actual manufacturers, who are reported to be complaining bitterly of the new regulation, is not easily intelligible. In this country, at any rate, the great objective of the principal makers is to build up a reputation for the excellence and durability of their tyres, and one would think they would vigorously support a measure designed to prevent the motorist from being victimised by the dealer.

With a view of ascertaining whether the aeroplane is likely to become an important factor as an offensive instrument of warfare as apart from its utility for scouting purposes—which has already been sufficiently demonstrated—the Michelin Tyre Company has announced its intention of offering £6,000 in prizes to aviators who succeed in accomplishing certain feats designed to throw light upon the problem. The first prize of £2,000 will be presented to the aviator who by August 15th, 1912, shall have dropped the greatest number of projectiles within a circle of 32ft. from a height of not less than 650ft. A second prize of £1,000 will be awarded to the airman who, by the same date, shall have dropped most bombs into a space measuring 100 metres by 10 metres from a height of 1 kilometre. The remaining £3,000 will be given in the following year to the winners of competitions held under similar but somewhat modified conditions.

There are numerous indications that the time is at hand when the British car manufacturer will have to take American competition very seriously. Judging from published statistics, the home demand in America, enormous as it has been for years, and still is, is rapidly being overtaken

by the supply. In three years the Americans have trebled their exports of cars and accessories, and for the year ended June 30th last the export figures showed a great increase over those of any previous year. It is true that so far there has been no great influx of American cars into this country, the figures for this year being about the same as those for 1910; but that the American makers have now determined to obtain a firm footing in the British market is certain. It remains to be seen how the British makers will meet the attack—whether they will adopt the ostrich policy of attempting to ignore it, or recognise its seriousness and prepare to meet it. The principal weapon of the Americans will be that of price, as it was in the case of the memorable dumping of their cycles over here some twenty years ago; and when it comes to a question of price-cutting it is difficult to see how the British maker, with his comparatively insignificant output, can hold his own. But there is quality also to be considered, as well as the fact that there is still a considerable amount of prejudice in this country against the American-made vehicle. Whether this prejudice, due to the cycle-dumping referred to above, will ever be dissipated is an interesting subject of speculation.

R. B. H.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE steady fall in prices that has characterised the past two months has naturally produced a crop of rumours. It can hardly be expected that the slump will pass away without victims. But rumour has been busy with big names. One big international banker has been singled out for attack; one famous English bank and two large Stock Exchange firms. I was assured last Monday that the whole of the Yankee selling came about through the financial difficulties of a great house. My informant was a serious person. I promptly went to one of the senior clerks in the house, who happens to be a friend of mine. I asked him where the partners were. They were all away enjoying themselves! Not one was left in London to face the supposed *débâcle*! So much for rumour. This same house was once talked about before, and talked about so much that its paper was actually offered at 20 per cent. discount. A terrified bill-broker rushed in to tell the senior partner. It is said that the senior partner used nearly a million of his funds in purchasing his own paper on the market at a discount of 20 per cent., and that he himself did not discourage the tales about the stability of his firm. Why should he? He made £200,000 in a few hours. These scare cries always come with any serious fall in prices. People seem to forget that great banking houses make their money out of crises. They act with just as much courage when prices fall as they do when prices rise. If they had not the capacity to act both ways they would never become great firms. They never get out of their depth. No doubt the tremendous fall in American Rails will ruin a certain number of reckless punters. But these people would have been ruined sooner or later, for no one can win who gambles on the Stock Exchange. But the big firms do not gamble. When prices are at the top they sell everything in their portfolio. When prices are at the bottom they buy back again. They know exactly the psychological moment for smashing a bull campaign, because it is they who lend money to the punters, and when they find that the bulls are borrowing beyond their strength they sell the collateral and then call upon the bull to repay the loan. In nine cases out of every ten he is unable to do this, so a forced sale takes place and a collapse ensues. We may dismiss the stories about banking

difficulties. I do not believe that there is a word of truth in them. Some Stock Exchange brokers have undoubtedly been hard hit, but they have not been crippled, and they will not fail. The liquidation that has been going on has cleared the air and prepared the way for a fresh bull campaign.

The Java Investment Agency had the courage to issue the prospectus of the Tjiwangie Estates, a Java tea property. As the Java Investment is a strong corporation with rich people connected with it, it probably does not care whether the public takes the shares or not. It hopes to market them when things improve. But no one else has followed the example of this promotion syndicate. Underwriters are difficult and shy in these days. They have all of them far too much on their books, and they are more anxious to sell what they have than to add to their stock. It is unnecessary to criticise the Tjiwangie, for the prospectus itself does not promise much more than 5 per cent., which is not enough to induce any one to take shares in a tropical plantation.

Various rumours are going about with regard to Morocco, and last week Berlin got scared and sold out its Americans and Canadians. But it is hardly likely that the German Emperor would have made a peaceful speech had he been contemplating a war. On the contrary, he would have roused his subjects—for in these days it is not easy to induce a nation to go to war in cold blood. The best-informed people anticipate no trouble whatever over the Morocco question. Germany is merely bargaining, and she is not likely to fight until she is ready; even if she fights then. English-people complain of the growth of the German Navy. They entirely forget that it grows no quicker than German commerce. The same may be said of our English Navy.

**MONEY.**—Our Bank balances are gradually mounting up, and we shall soon have more cash in hand than we can profitably employ. The American harvest will not be large, and although the cotton crop is prodigious, the price is gradually drooping. Egypt will require less, and it looks very much as though we should get through the autumn with great ease. The Stock Exchange Settlement was practically level, and the fall in prices has eased the position tremendously. All our Joint Stock Banks have more money in their tills than they have had for many years past. The Bank of England's position, as far as the ratio reserve to liabilities is concerned, is also much above the average. Taken all round, the banking position is now very strong, and even if the story of another bank failure were true we could view it with more or less equanimity.

**FOREIGNERS.**—Foreigners have not been quite so steady during the week, and German Threes have fallen. But although this national security has been weak, it is probably due to some internal arrangements amongst the Berlin Banks, and has nothing whatever to do with political considerations. Tintos were flat, but look like recovering. French Rentes keep steady, and almost everything in Paris that is good looks good. It can hardly be said that the Paris market has been seriously affected by the tales that one reads in the newspapers.

**HOME RAILS.**—The traffic receipts for English railways have been disgustingly bad, and it is probable that the dividends for the current half-year are irretrievably damaged. The strike cost more than we thought. Nevertheless, I still advise the purchase of English Rails mainly because the yield is far too high for such a security, and also because I feel sure that the scheme for the nationalisation of the railways will now go through with much less opposition than if the strike had not taken place. The yield on North-Easterns is about 5 per cent., on North-Westerns it is over 5 per cent., on Great Easterns it is over 5 per cent., on Great Westerns it is 5 per cent., while Midland deferred give nearly 5½. If the railways are purchased under the Act of 1844 they will be bought at twenty-five years' purchase of the profits, plus a sum, to be settled by arbitration, for future prospects. The Great Western and Great Central would therefore come out very well, for each line has been spending large sums on which it now obtains no return, and any arbitrator would be compelled to take into consideration the fact that these lines would eventually get a considerable return on the capital

they have expended. Great Central preferred would probably be paid off at par. But even if Great Central receive but its twenty-five years' purchase of the profits for the past three years, the stock now to be bought at 28½ would receive £50 for every £100 nominal. It is impossible, however, that any arbitrator could overlook the chance that Great Central has of earning a dividend on its preferred. The '94 preference and the '91 preference, both now under par, would of course receive their full par value. Therefore, not only are these shares cheap as a speculation, whether nationalisation is carried through or not, but they are also a good lock-up investment.

**YANKEES.**—It would seem to the ordinary person looking at the American market dispassionately that Yankee Rails had touched the bottom, and this is the view taken by most of the dealers in London who are in the closest touch with the Houses in Wall Street. The representatives of the big American banks in London admit that they are nonplussed. Some one must have been gambling out of all proportion to his means, and the banks must have gone for him just as they went for the Pearson Farquhar Syndicate. The tale goes that the Standard Oil are unloading, but this is a story we always hear in every slump, and there seems very little chance of it being true. Union Pacifics, at their present price, yield about 5½ per cent., and Northern Pacifics a shade more. Both these lines are admirably managed and are thoroughly sound investments. It is always dangerous to advise a speculation in American Railways, but it certainly seems a very fine opportunity to buy Unions to-day. There is persistent talk of a railway strike, and of course, if such a strike occurred, we should see a further fall. But it is doubtful whether the Labour party in the United States is prepared to do battle.

**RUBBER.**—Mincing Lane is making a strong effort to put up prices, and during the last few days the jobbers in the rubber market have been very busy gambling among themselves. But the public do not come in, and a gamble that is confined to Mincing-lane and the Stock Exchange can only end in collapse. Rubber seems harder in price, but this is probably due to the fact that the big plantations are holding back supplies. The great rubber-buying houses on the Amazon, whose head offices are in London, have also probably now made their contracts for the new season's crop, and having made these contracts they will not be averse to a rise in rubber. There may be a little battle therefore between the consumers on the one side and the dealers on the other. The dealers having bought below 4s. 6d. will try and force the consumers to pay 5s. or more. The victory depends upon whether trade in the United States springs up. At the present time it is dull, and there is no inducement for the great tyre-makers in that country to give out big orders for rubber.

**OIL.**—The Oil Market is depressed to the death. Not a bargain is done, and Maikop shares are simply unsaleable. I should not be surprised to hear of trouble in this market, for the public hold a good many shares, and they find them quite unrealisable. Fortunately the bull account has been cut down. The Scotch oil trade also appears to be in a very bad way, and the competition in burning-oil is extremely severe. On the whole the oil market looks to be in worse shape than that of any market in the House, for it is now admitted by everybody that Maikop has turned out a most unfortunate speculation. How any one can invest in oil shares in a new field passes my comprehension, for there is nothing that calls for more capital or is more speculative than an oil share. Some of the companies that were floated are very little better than swindles.

**KAFFIRS.**—Kaffirs continue weak, and if the price falls much lower I should advise my readers to abandon their attitude of reserve and purchase such stocks as Crown Mines, Nourse, City Deep. Van Ryn Deep has ore reserves of 365,000 tons, worth 6·6dwts. It also owns 764 claims. This would give it a life of fifty years, treating about 500,000 tons a year. Van Ryn Deep is short of money, but it is backed by the Joels, Sir Abe Bailey, Sir George Farrar. If these wealthy people would lend the mine a couple of hundred thousand pounds it might become a

dividend-payer in about two years time. The shares are now quoted at 9s. On paper they are therefore one of the cheapest things in the Kafir market.

**RHODESIANS.**—The liquidation in this market seems to have ended, but prices have not improved. Indeed, Charteredreds are now at very low level, almost low enough to tempt a purchaser. The public is completely disgusted with the tactics of the Rhodesian magnates. I am not surprised. Nevertheless there are good mines in Rhodesia. Giants, Globes, and Eldorado are all reasonable mining investments at a low price. But the speculative Rhodesian is a thing to be only purchased when the market is blazing, and when the share can be held for a few accounts and then disposed of. Perhaps when Sir Abe Bailey is married he will take up this market again. It needs some personal magnetism if it is ever going to resume its vitality.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Evidently somebody was found who could not pay for his Hudson Bays, for they have had a very severe fall. They are even now over-valued as an investment, and are only good from a lock-up point of view. Marconis seem to me the best purchase in the market. A man with £10,000 to invest might easily obtain a perfectly safe income of £600 a year if he laid it out in the Miscellaneous Market, for prices all round are below their normal level, and the yields on some of the stocks are ridiculously high. The great trouble with the Miscellaneous Market is the very poor prices made by the dealers. But the dividend record of the best companies is unblemished.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE REAL ISSUE OF THE CRISIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With the defeat of official Constitutionism (which is representative of written law or statutory procedure) the crisis is supposed to be over, though, as a matter of hard fact, we have merely had the prologue of a stupendous drama. The real part of the drama has still to be enacted. The unwritten law (which is representative of the Constitutional conscience, that is to say, of the actual laws of freedom) has yet to play its part. Thus it becomes a matter of vital importance to all free-born Englishmen to have a straight answer to the following question, which raises the whole affair out of the slough of party disputation:—

Can an Act of Parliament be held to destroy another Act of Parliament?

If it can, then written or unwritten law of whatsoever nature is an impotent thing, as all Acts of Parliament, under such conditions, must count for nothing. Each Act can be made invalid by another Act, and so on *ad infinitum*. Thus the very basis of government is an absolute absurdity. The very Parliament Act in question is, in this sense, an Act of Parliamentary impotence.

It is time we looked at our present situation honestly, and cast aside all this business of self-deception. The British Constitution can never be destroyed—not even by the present Parliament Act, nor because of the default of duty by the Lords, because it (the B.C.) was founded upon an Act of Parliament (an Act passed by King, Lords, and Commons), which constituted the legal basis of all Acts of Parliament. In other words, the Act of Parliament (Habeas Corpus Writ) upon which real freedom rests constitutes the legal basis of revolt from illegal rule or absolute forms of government. It is significant of Party ideas in this purely national matter that the principal organ of the Government (*Daily News*) has challenged me to prove my indictment of the unconstitutional nature of its own particular position. In this sense, like thousands of my fellow-countrymen, I am a free-born Englishman and belong to no particular organisation. If Unionist policy is going to act in defiance of an Englishman's free rights, then it is going to be a policy of doom to its propagators, and nothing can save it from the same fate which is dogging the actions of the present Government. Here is the warning to the Unionist Party. If it is intent on assuming, as the Government itself assumes, the Parliament Act to be a legal form of revolt from tyranny, then the House of

Lords possessed no legal ground whatever for rejecting or even amending the said Act. The attitude of the Peers, during the crisis, was in every sense an illegal one. There is no gainsaying this. Moreover, should the Unionist Party ever be returned to power, they will have no legal ground of excuse for repealing or even modifying the Act. The Opposition will look to this, and the consequences will be a similar crisis to the present one.

If, on the other hand, the stalwart or honourable policy of resistance is adhered to as the legal and constitutional form of repudiation or rejection, then not even the use of armed force on the part of the Government can justify the executive form of the Act. But whether official Unionism remains true or disloyal to the strict demands of English law, English justice, and English freedom, it is certain that unofficial Constitutionism (the rank and file of free commoners) may be depended upon. Freedom to them is that which makes life worth living, and it needs but the patriotic soul of one man to set fire to such an inextinguishable spark. The country may be both politically and clerically rotten, and its Press, to a great extent, may be despotic, but the nation, as a nation, is not yet fallen to a level of a community of slaves or bondmen.

Here, then, is to be seen the real issue. One party in the State has, by means of craft or intimidation—it does not matter how—revived the absolute powers of the Crown which the Great Charter of freedom destroyed. The Act, with the exception of the Stalwarts, or Men of Honour, has been meekly acquiesced in by another party. It now remains for the independent people of the State to discover the whole force of the thing by a declaration of their freedom or independence.

This Act stinks in the sight of God, since it completely wrecks what the greatest Christian apostle of freedom instituted, and this, above everything else, must eternally damn such an Act.

Your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge.

### CARLYLE'S PROPHECY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Now that the "Strike Mania" has subsided, there is again time for reflection and consideration as to why such things happen and what can be done to prevent their recurrence. May I suggest through your serviceable medium that all men who desire to assist a movement in this good direction should at once commence by re-reading, marking, and inwardly digesting Thomas Carlyle's essay entitled "Shooting Niagara, and After"?

This wonderful and prophetic utterance of the great teacher was published in 1867. Its masterly, brave warning to England and English leaders has not been without effect; but now, as then, his lesson will be neglected and scoffed at except by the few. Are those few "this company of poor men who will spend all their block rather"—are they a growing minority or not? This is the simple, straight question I desire your readers to ponder over.

I am confident that deep in many hearts of good men and true there is the conviction that what Carlyle wrote fifty years ago is "God's truth," and no argument is possible to alter such opinion, such faith.

The late Labour crisis is but one phase of the whole bad business, which, gradually perhaps, but surely will become worse and worse under present-day conditions and ideals.

I am no pessimist, knowing that the Universe, based as it is on evolution, will progress, and wrongs which may exist are here waiting only for the strong to conquer them. My object in troubling you at all is merely to voice again Carlyle's battle-cry (caught from Goethe), that those who have ears to hear may perhaps hear:—

"The future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow.  
We press still thorough,  
Naught that abides in it  
Daunting us—Onward."

Yours faithfully,

EMPLOYER.

Southwark.

### SPELLING REFORM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to say a few words on one or two of the points raised by Mr. William Archer in his very

interesting exposition of the work being done by the Simplified Spelling Society? If Mr. Archer's society has discovered a satisfactory system of English spelling acceptable to the Board of Education, the literary fraternity, and the people at large, it is obvious that any such restricted scheme of reform as suggested in my article would be wholly superfluous. But I must confess to considerable doubt as to the possibility of any society of men coming to an agreement upon many of the points involved in this difficult question—such, for instance, as the use of diacritical marks, in reference to which Mr. Archer admits that he himself differs from some members of his society. And even if a clear system of reform were propounded, it seems doubtful that the Board of Education could be induced to adopt it, knowing, as they would, that the whole weight of public opinion was against the change. Lastly, even supposing the scheme formulated and introduced into all our National Schools, it seems doubtful whether we should be much nearer the desired end, for all the great public schools would still be free to take their own line on the subject, which would probably be to retain the existing system, whilst literary men would almost to a man adopt the same course. This would mean that the old system would come to be regarded as a mark of breeding and education and the new system would be looked upon as a sign of illiteracy and vulgarity, with the result that the absurdities of the old method of spelling would be more prized than ever. As I understand the account given by Mr. Archer of the scheme proposed by his society, the reformed system will be introduced at the base of society and gradually spread to its apex. Our children will learn the new system at school, and we shall be surreptitiously studying their lesson-books after they are gone to bed. The illiterate will learn first, and the literate will slowly and reluctantly follow suit. It seems to me that the force of gravity, the law which ordains that fashions begin at the apex of society and spread to its base, will oppose the advance of such reform.

It was because I despaired of finding any feasible scheme of wholesale reform that I turned towards the idea of introducing it tentatively and piecemeal. There are two ideas almost universally prevalent to-day which militate irresistibly against reform, the first being that to spell correctly is a mark of education; and the second, that the question of reform is of little or no importance. Some believe (and I am among them) that by simply calling attention to the facts of the case we may hope to substitute for these ideas their exact opposites. We see no reason why the force of example and the influence of fashion, so powerful to propagate error, should not be politely invited to undertake for once the dissemination of truth. We think if it were once recognised that to spell "correctly" is often no more than a weak concession to error, and that to spell "incorrectly" is often to dispute the authority of folly and to assert our spiritual independence of fashion, the first steps towards reform will have been made.

With regard to the idea that Spelling Reform is a matter of no importance, it is, of course, impossible for those who have had no practical experience of education to understand how unsatisfactory it is to be continually warring against the natural instinct of the child to represent like sounds by like signs, and how fatiguing is the task of the teacher who has constantly to impose chaos and unreason upon the mind struggling towards system and order. There is, however, one aspect of the matter which ought to appeal with some force to all Englishmen. Our language has two points of superiority over all the other great European tongues: it has a rational system of genders, and has no case terminations. It has one point of inferiority: its chaotic spelling. If this were rectified, English would be the easiest language in the world to learn and to use correctly.

What, therefore, the cause of reform most needs at the present moment is to be discussed. Perhaps Mr. Archer would allow me to suggest that his society publish a list of a score or so of words misspelt according to the orthodox system with the proposed corrections. Let us suppose that the new forms were adopted by half-a-dozen authors and journalists of repute. The appearance of the new words would provoke discussion on all sides; the pros and cons of the new spelling would be widely discussed: and the old arguments of conservatism would be brought forward again and again, and every time they would be worsted. In short, the glacial rigidity which has held our spelling for about two hundred years would be at last thawed. The question of reform would be taken off the shelf and placed upon the carpet. If the new spellings triumphed over the old it would then be time to promulgate a more extensive programme of reform, such as the docking of superfluous *ue's*, as in *demagogue* and *picturesque*, the unification of the termination of words indicating a trade, as seen in *baker*, *sailor*, *soutar*, *paviour*. A

series of such partial reforms would soon bring the semblance of cosmos into the existing chaos and would prepare public opinion for some more thorough scheme, such as that which the Simplified Spelling Society are engaged in formulating.

First of all, however, we want a definite scheme with which to make the first experiment—a clear programme supported by the authority of an association such as the Simplified Spelling Society; but, above all, it must be a scheme against which the most stolid conservatism can make no just reproach. To adopt the language of metaphor, the advocates of reform would, it seems to me, be well advised not to attempt a frontal attack on the massed hosts of prejudice, but dispose their forces *en échelon*. Mr. Archer will recall how Alexander of Macedon, by this famous manoeuvre, twice defeated an army ten times greater than his own; but his right or attacking wing was composed of none but picked warriors.—Faithfully yours,

J. R.

August 22nd, 1911.

## THE CHÂTELAINE OF VERGI

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In opposition to Mr. Frank Harris' article in THE ACADEMY (July 29th, 1911), my book entitled "Die Kastellanin von Vergi in der Literatur" (Halle, 1909) sets forth the impossibility of identifying the persons of the romance as he does—namely, the Duke with Hugue IV., the Duchess with Beatrice of Champagne, and the Châtelaine of Vergi with Laure de Lorraine.—Yours truly,

EMIL LORENZ.

Berlin, August 24th, 1911, Bredowstrasse 6.

## AN ENQUIRY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a new work lately published concerning the famous Elizabeth Chudleigh there are some lines of verse attributed to Robert Burns. They are said to be published for the first time, and are certainly not included in any accessible edition of Burns' poems, and, if written by him at all, I conclude that they must have been written at a very early age. The first two lines of the poem are as follows:—

Say who is this with Heaven and Earth at strife,  
At once Miss, Mistress, Mother, Maid, and Wife.

They occur in a new edition of "The Amazing Duchess," a book written by a Mr. Charles E. Pearce.

Can any of your readers throw any light on the question of the authenticity of these lines? All lovers of Burns must be interested in the discovery of any genuine production from his pen not known before.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

R. BURKE HENRY.

Burkeville, Dagmar-avenue, Wembley-hill,  
August 29, 1911.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## FICTION

- The Earthen Drum*. By E. S. Stevens. Illustrated in Colour by C. R. Andrae. Mills and Boon. 6s.  
*Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist*. By Robert Barr. Illustrated. Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.  
*The Woman Wins*. By Robert Machray. Chatto and Windus. 6s.  
*The Woman-Haters*. By Joseph C. Lincoln. Illustrated. D. Appleton and Co. 6s.

## PERIODICALS

- The Windsor Magazine*; *The Traveller's Gazette*; *The Literary Digest*, N.Y.; *The Bookseller*; *Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature*; *Cornhill Magazine*; *Publishers' Circular*; *The Atlantic Monthly*; *The Platform Bulletin*; *Revue Bleue*; *La Grande Revue*; *Wednesday Review*; *Trichinopoly*; *Harper's Monthly Magazine*; *The Modern World*, Madras; *Everybody's Story Magazine*; *Friendly Greetings*; *Sunday at Home*; *Girl's Own Paper* and *Woman's Magazine*; *Boy's Own Paper*; *The Nineteenth Century*, and *After*; *The Antiquary*.



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